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LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP RYAN

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MEMORIAL

OF THE

LIFE AND LABORS

OF

RT. REV. STEPHEN VINCENT RYAN, D. D., C. M.,

SECOND BISHOP OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

By REV. PATRICK CRONIN, LL. D.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "THIS WAS A MAN!"
—SHAKESPEARE: "JULIUS CÆSAR."

BUFFALO, N. Y.
BUFFALO CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY
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TO THE

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE

OF THE

BUFFALO DIOCESE

THIS MEMORIAL SKETCH

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

PREFACE.

IN presenting this Memorial Volume to the public, the writer disclaims any intention of having it regarded as a full and complete recital of Bishop Ryan's life and labors. He had no such elaborate purpose when, with the approval of the Very Rev. Administrator and at the instance of certain leading members of the diocesan clergy, he undertook the work.

It was thought, instead, that a judicious condensation of the chief features in so remarkable a career, with a brief outline of his talents and character, would be a welcome volume, at this time, not only to the priests and people of his lately cherished flock, but to thousands besides throughout the land, who had known and revered the lamented prelate.

There was expressed, morever, a widespread desire to possess in succinct yet enduring form the full details of the obsequies, and the recorded evidence of the general citizen sorrow so impressively manifested at the Bishop's death and funeral; and to preserve especially the many eloquent tributes paid to the memory of the deceased by Protestant and secular pens.

This has been done, to the best of the writer's ability, in the present volume. The principal events connected with Bishop Ryan's life and death have been carefully collected and collated, and the story told simply and in the natural order of their happening.

It is hoped that the many illustrations which adorn these pages will prove an attractive feature of the book. They have, however, a higher purpose than one of mere embellishment. For they represent the many ecclesiastical structures, educational and charitable institutions, with which the Bishop's name has been associated; which were either founded, enlarged or beautified under his direction, or by his aid and encouragement.

The beautiful words with which His Eminence Cardinal Satolli honors this volume will be perused with feelings of gratitude and

delight by every admirer of Bishop Ryan, who may read it. They come from the appreciative heart of the illustrious friend and personal representative of Leo XIII.; and are a precious tribute to the memory of the lamented dead. As for the present writer, words fail him to thank His Eminence adequately for so distinguished a favor. He is indeed profoundly grateful.

What more? Only to say that the preparation of this Memorial Volume has indeed been to the writer a labor of gratitude and love. It has served to impress him, more than ever, with the exalted character, the large, intellectual vision and Christ-like charity of the golden-hearted man, who, for twenty-three years, honored him with the membership of his household, and treated him with the kindness of a father and a friend.

Should these pages tend to preserve in dewy freshness the memory of Bishop Ryan's inspiring personality; if they lead even one heart to aspire to the higher things on which his gaze was constantly fixed; to imitate the virtues that sanctified his life and glorified his death, they shall not have been penned in vain; and, with reverent hand, they are offered, as an humble flower, to the wreath that garlands his tomb.

PATRICK CRONIN.

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Letter from Cardinal Satolli.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27, 1896.

REV. DEAR SIR:

I have learned that you are about to issue a Biography of the late lamented Bishop Stephen V. Ryan.

Biographies are useful when they tell of the lives of men whose careers may serve as examples to future generations. Surely, then, no man deserves better that the story of his life should be told to the world than Bishop Ryan.

I am glad that this story is to be told by you who had exceptional opportunities, from your close daily intercourse with him, to know him thoroughly and appreciate him at his just value.

It cannot but be a great pleasure to me to add my tribute of praise and gratitude to the man who, from my first coming to this country, untiringly showed toward me every mark of respect and sincere affection. I cannot forget that he was a moving spirit in the recognition of the permanence and utility of this Apostolic Delegation which was implied in the providing for it of a suitable residence in this city; nor that it was due greatly to him, to his example, and to his encouragement, that the diocese of Buffalo contributed so generously to the fund for that purpose.

I hope, indeed, that this biography will have a large circulation and be productive of that good which comes from setting before the public for imitation those lives which, filled with piety, charity, zeal for the good and happiness of their fellows, are truly crowned with success and worthy of perpetual remembrance.

With sentiments of highest esteem and fraternal charity, I remain,

Most faithfully yours in Xt.,

REV. PATRICK CRONIN.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

The New World—Discovered and Explored by Catholic Genius and Courage—Missionary Heroes—Apostolic Bishops—The Hierarchy Established.

ALMIGHTY God has never failed to raise up holy and apostolic men who, in every age, have evangelized spiritually benighted peoples, and have established His holy and Apostolic Church in unbelieving lands. The New World, discovered by Catholic genius and courage and explored by Catholic heroism, affords a splendid confirmation of this statement.

The realization of Columbus' golden dream had scarce been published to an astonished world, when the missionary period began. With the zeal of apostles and the constancy of martyrs, they came, a noble army from over the seas, leaving happy homes, without a sigh, when life was young and fair. Their only weapon the crucifix, their sole possession the breviary and rosary. They knew no hunger save that for souls; and on this conquest bent, they penetrated the wilderness and wandered

> Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
> Through many a fen where the serpent feeds
> And man never trod before.

From the roses of Florida to the snows of our Northern lakes; from the Penobscot to the teeming valley of the Mississippi, and on to the golden shores of the far Pacific, they explored river, lake and forest; baptized them with sainted names and crimsoned their vales with martyr blood.

Las Casas, Olmedo, Martinez, Junipero, Jogues, Lallemand, Broebeuf, Marquette—these are but a few of that radiant host, the vanguard of our Christian civilization—who standing at the outer gates of all our chronicles, carried the standard of the Cross through the untrodden wilderness and made its somber depths resonant with Christian song. Glorious spiritual heroes were they, whose achievements will be immortal when the stars shall fade. They were in quest of fruit far more precious than

the golden apples of the Hesperides. And though they had no basilica to echo the glad Te Deum that floated heavenwards on the flower-laden breath of morning, yet Nature's cathedral was theirs domed by the bending skies. Its spires the neighboring mountains; its gothic arches the virgin forest; its alcoves the surrounding islets of the sea; the sun its burning censer, the moon its sanctuary lamp, the stars the gems that sparkled upon its altar; its music the everlasting anthem of wind and wave.

Nor were the priests and prelates who succeeded those glorious heralds of the Cross unworthy the missionary heroism and zeal that continue to excite the admiration of mankind. For with the birth of a new nation and its consecration to human freedom on this virgin soil, came the organism of the Church and the establishment of the Hierarchy in the Republic. The same showering blessings of the skies, which had so fructified the labors of the early missionaries, gave the mustard-seed increase to the infant Church in the United States. Providence gave her a noble band of saintly ministers—men of vast learning, burning eloquence, heroic zeal and impressive personality—who united the elegance of Fenelon to the power of Bossuet; whose varied culture would have graced a court, but whose humility and zeal preferred the cabin of the slave; who, like St. Paul, suffered hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness and journeyings without number, amid manifold perils over land and wave for the purpose of evangelizing the children of unbelief and proclaiming from the housetops the truth and beauty of the young yet ancient Church.

Such were the Carrolls, the Cheveruses, the Brutés, the Flagets, the Odins, the Du Bourgs, the Rosattis, the Englands, the Nerinxes, the Hugheses, the Kenricks, the Timons—and unnumbered others who from the Chesapeake and the waving magnolias of the Carolinas, to Boston Harbor, and thence to the "Dark and Bloody Ground" and along the Valley of the Mississippi, laid the foundations of the Church broad and deep in the soil of the young Republic, and left monuments of their apostolic zeal more enduring than those of brass or marble.

When the subject of this sketch was born amid Canadian snows, more than seventy-one years ago, many of those illustrious men were still living. The land echoed with their renown; their achievements were the Church's glory; the very air was sweet with their virtues; and their careers were held up to the

admiring gaze of every aspirant to the priesthood in seminary and college hall throughout the land. There can be no question that the naturally pious young Stephen Ryan was greatly impressed during his seminary days in Philadelphia by the storied achievements of those remarkable men of God; and those early impressions were further strengthened amid the religious solitude of his later Western home.

Chapter II.

The Ryan Family—Emigrating from Ireland—Dismal Condition of the Country—Stephen a New Year's Gift—Baptized 'Mid Canadian Snows—Confirmed—In the Seminary.

THE second Bishop of Buffalo was born in Almonte, Canada, January 1, 1825. His father, Martin Ryan, a man of strong character, came from Tipperary County, near Thurles—a region abounding in Ryans; while his mother, Catherine McCarthy, was proud of her girlhood home in Limerick. The earlier years of their wedded life were spent at Six-mile Bridge, a beautiful sylvan retreat on the Clare shore of the Shannon, six miles from the ancient City of the Violated Treaty. There five of their nine children were born.

Those were troublous days in Ireland. Alien tyranny and landlord rapacity were producing their logical fruits of exile or rebellion; those who professed the Catholic religion were still politically shackled, despite the thundering tones of O'Connell, the great Dr. Doyle, and the growing power of the "Catholic Association;" and the gloom of the situation was deepened by the famine which had cast its skeleton shadow over the land.

It is no wonder that large numbers of the people grew disheartened under such conditions and sought hope and freedom in other lands. It was then that the Ryan family spoke adieu to their Irish home on the border of Ireland's noblest river; and in exile crossed the Western wave forever. In those days Quebec, perhaps even more than New York, was the destined goal of the immigrant ship; and the only reason we can allege for the choice of Almonte as a place of settlement by Mr. Ryan is the fact that it offered an inviting field for his trade, which was that of millwright.

The first child to bless their home in the New World was Stephen, who was born on New Year's Day, 1825. In those faraway days Almonte belonged to the diocese of Kingston; and

Perth, twenty miles away, was the residence of the nearest priest. A passing missionary, however, then temporarily ministered to the spiritual wants of the scattered Catholics in the region in which the Ryan family had settled; and to his lodgings, several miles away, the delicate young child was taken to be baptized amid the pitiless storm of a Canadian winter. While the regenerating water was being poured on his young brow, the babe began to crow vigorously, at which the gruff old missionary parenthetically remarked, "This youngster will command an army yet!"

Prophetic words! The puny child lived indeed to command two great armies of the Lord: one, the sons of Vincent de Paul in the United States; the other, the vast flock, both priests and people, of the Buffalo diocese.

When Stephen was but three years old, the Ryan family bade adieu to their Canadian home, and sought the more progressive soil of the Republic for their future lot. Pottsville, Schuylkill Co., Pa., was the destined goal of their new journeying. Here they remained and prospered for many years. Here, at the age of twelve, young Stephen was confirmed by a Mexican bishop, then visiting Bishop Kenrick of Philadelphia; and it was at the instance of the Sisters of Charity, who had prepared him for the reception of this sacrament, that he took the name of Vincent.

The same sensitive nature and retiring disposition that characterized Bishop Ryan's after-career manifested themselves in his earliest years. Gentle in manner, frank of speech, direct in purpose, the quickness of his intellect and the purity of his heart even thus early marked him for the service of the sanctuary; so that no one was surprised when, in his fourteenth year, he entered the Seminary in Philadelphia, determined to devote his life to the Church. That very gifted priest, the Rev. Michael O'Connor, afterward first Bishop of Pittsburg, was the president of the Seminary when young Stephen Vincent entered its halls. Among the early associates of our seminarian were Father Lane and the Jesuit Father McAtee, both of Philadelphia; Rev. William Lambert (brother of Rev. L. A.) of Western Virginia; and the late Father Stanton, long Provincial of the Augustinians. When in 1843 Father O'Connor was promoted from the presidency of the Seminary in Philadelphia to the newly-created See

of Pittsburg, it was young Stephen Vincent Ryan who was chosen to deliver the farewell address, in the name of all his companions. And it was during those seminary days that he was a privileged sanctuary boy in the Cathedral, Philadelphia, at the consecration of the lately-deceased Patriarch of the West, the Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick. The great John England was the orator of the occasion; and the voice, manner and gesture of the illustrious prelate were often vividly recalled by Bishop Ryan.

Chapter III.

Young Adieu to Home—Going West—Ordained Priest—Pen-pictured as Professor, Prefect and Director—Wonderful Self-control.

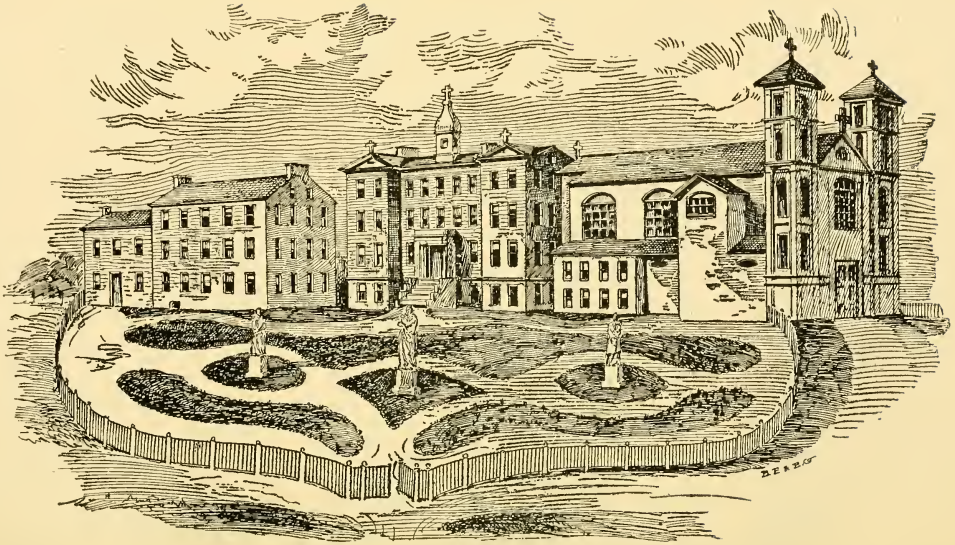
WITH the accession of the Lazarists to the charge of the Seminary in Philadelphia, the Vincentian vocation of our young levite is indissolubly linked. His mind was illumined and his heart entranced by the genius and virtues of those devoted sons of St. Vincent de Paul. Father Maller, a distinguished Spaniard, was president; and Father Penco, an ideal priest and scion of a noble Italian house, was his professor of rhetoric. Those illustrious exiles from sunny lands have long since gone to their reward; but the impressions which their scholarly attainments and ascetic lives made upon the heart of the future Bishop of Buffalo were never effaced.

Resolved on becoming a member of the Vincentian community, our young novice, at the tender age of nineteen, bravely turned his face to the West; and, taking farewell of father and mother, brother and sister,—

> Gave the bridle-rein a shake;
> Said adieu for evermore,
> And adieu for evermore!

His course in those ante-railroad days lay westward to Pittsburg; then down the beautiful Ohio to Cairo, Ill., where it mingles its waves with those of the Mississippi; then up the Father of Waters to St. Louis; thence to the Vincentian Mother-house, the "Barrens," at Perryville, Mo. This journey was made in the company of the venerated Lazarist, Father Burke, whose missionary days were largely spent in that Franco-American city, and whose memory is still green in the hearts of many of its older inhabitants.

In those days, and long afterward, the "Barrens" was the great ecclesiastical nursery of the West. Within its walls were trained and moulded a radiant host of distinguished churchmen;



ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, THE "BARRENS," PERRYVILLE, Mo.

As it appeared when Bishop Ryan was Novice, Professor and Prefect, and prepared for Ordination.

and many of the hallowed names that have left their impress upon the Western Church were associated with this institution.

The year 1844, when the young novice reached the "Barrens," was remarkable for the fierce anti-Catholic riots in the city he had left, and for the unparalleled high water in the Mississippi to which he had gone. He was then in his nineteenth year, physically frail and but ill-suited to stand the cold and varied hardships attendant upon the seminary life of those wildwood days. But his sturdy spirit and resolute will more than made up for his lack of bodily strength, and made him a match for all the winds that blew.

A reminiscent confrere thus describes him at this time, in *Church Progress* of St. Louis:

Late in the evening of the 31st of October in 1845, we stood a timid country boy at the sacristy door of old Barrens' church. We had long been hearing of the Barrens—especially had we been hearing of it as a place of great learning.

We remember once hearing one of our young companions say that in order to get into the Barrens you should first know how to read, write and cipher. Hence, the place had grown up in our imagination into one of the greatest places in the country. It had long been our most ardent desire to be a student at the Barrens, and now our desire was at last realized. We were actually at the Barrens, and as we stood there at the sacristy door, dazed and amazed by all we beheld, out through the door came the thinnest young man we had ever seen. He was so thin that he actually gave us a start. He had a broom in his hand having been engaged in the church sweeping in preparation for the festival of the morrow, the feast of All Saints. The young man proved to be none other than Stephen Ryan, with whom we were destined to have a good deal to do, both as boy and man. He was not perhaps twenty years of age and was still a novice in the community of the Lazarists; yet we were not long in the place until we could perceive, green as we were, that he was as much respected as were the oldest priests in the house. And to tell the truth, he was deserving of all the respect he received, for it would have been hard indeed to find a more virtuous or a more sensible young man

We need only summarize here that on the 6th of May, 1846, he made his Lazarist profession; received tonsure and minor orders a few weeks later at the hands of the visiting Bishop Barron; was occupied, for two years, as professor and prefect at the Barrens until the summer of 1848, when he was promoted to

the sacred order of sub-deaconship and deaconship by the Rt. Rev. John Timon, first Bishop of Buffalo. We wonder whether the apostolic prelate, as he clothed with maniple and stole the mortified young levite kneeling before him, had any presentiment that he was then vesting his own successor in the See of Buffalo! Who can tell!

On June 24, 1849—St. John's Day—the Rev. S. V. Ryan, C. M., received the crowning glory of the priesthood at the hands of the Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick in St. Vincent's Church, St. Louis. On the day of his ordination he returned to the Barrens, where he was received with most affectionate greeting by his confreres and friends.

From his ordination in 1849 until the summer of 1851 the young priest remained at the mother-house, professing in the college, doing missionary work in the surrounding country, and acquiring a knowledge of those foreign tongues that was afterward of such signal service to himself and to others. It was during those early years of his priestly life that he also acquired that mastery of the English language which ever characterized his writings and oral discourses.

The following recollections of Father Ryan, as prefect and professor, were kindly sent to the present writer by a distinguished priest in the West, who signs himself "An Old Pupil":

You request me to furnish you with some reminiscences of Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan's life here in the Barrens, and in response I send you these few recollections of him from the year 1850 (when I first had the advantage of his acquaintance), to his mission to the college at Cape Girardeau in the fall of 1851. My first impression of him on my arrival at the seminary was one very nearly akin to awe—so fragile was he in form, so mortified and ascetic in appearance, so active and unremitting in his attention to duties. This first impression, however, was soon changed into one of love and admiration as I came in contact with him in the various relations of prefect, professor, spiritual director and faithful friend.

Father Ryan came very near to filling the highest ideal of even the most exacting of what a prefect ought to be. Unsparing of himself, attentive to the needs of those entrusted to his charge, he was vigilant in guarding the exact observance of rules, prompt in correcting anything that leaned toward a relaxation of discipline. His evident aim was to be just and equitable to all, and the success of his efforts in this direction was acknowledged by young and old without

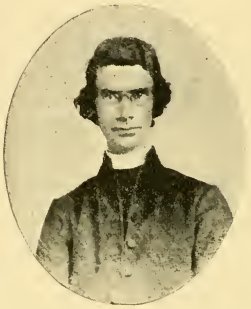
exception. I can say I have never known any delinquent, even when smarting under the pain of rebuke or penance, or even "cash on hand," charge injustice or passion against him. Yet, we were all persuaded he had his own temper, in fact, a good share of it and of very *high* quality; but it was at the same time a matter of edification to us to witness his efforts, always successful, to control its manifestation in trying circumstances. "Come back to me after lunch or night prayers," he would say to some outlaw who had been sent up by the second prefect or professor for his delinquency and who managed also to irritate Father Ryan. "Come back," etc.; "I am displeased at present." "Well! what did Father Ryan say to you?" chorus his companions during recreation. "Why, he only told me to come back after lunch or night prayers;" and a look of commiseration would be seen on every countenance when the subject was one who had been there before, or a good-humored raillery if the subject was fresh and expected that the matter would be forgotten by the prefect. "I may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," was not good philosophy under Father Ryan. He did not wish to hang any one, but he proportioned punishment for getting away with a lamb as well as with a sheep, still more if there was a whole flock to be accounted for. "It's a week's penance for breaking that window, Walter," was chorused one day when awkward Walter B., through carelessness, demolished a pane of glass. "That was an accident," said Walter, "but if I have to catch it, then here goes another one for fun and on purpose!" and he suited the action to the word. Walter got, as he expected for his carelessness one week, and was satisfied; but who can describe his feelings when at the end of the week's penance he was called up for the wilful destruction and got two weeks' additional penance!

It was fortunate for the student who was placed in any of Father Ryan's classes. He was conscientious in his preparation for the recitation, and no difficulty was presented in class that he had not foreseen and prepared for. None of his students supposed that Latin or Greek had any difficulties for him, and their confidence in him in consequence was not to be shaken. In class he was always kind and considerate to such a degree that it was the student's own fault if he retired from class without a good mastery of the subject matter, whatever may have been his weakness at entering the classroom.

As a spiritual director little may be said on account of the nature of the subject. The real success is known to Almighty God. All of us who flocked to him for direction held him in the same confidence in this office as in that of teaching secular science.

"Come back after lunch or night prayers; I am displeased at

present." What wonderful control over an irascible nature! Herein lay the secret of Bishop Ryan's governing power. He made it a rule never to act while under the influence of anger. He knew how to govern others, because he had first learned how to govern himself.



REV. S. V. RYAN, C. M.
Only picture taken previous to his becoming Bishop.

Chapter IV.

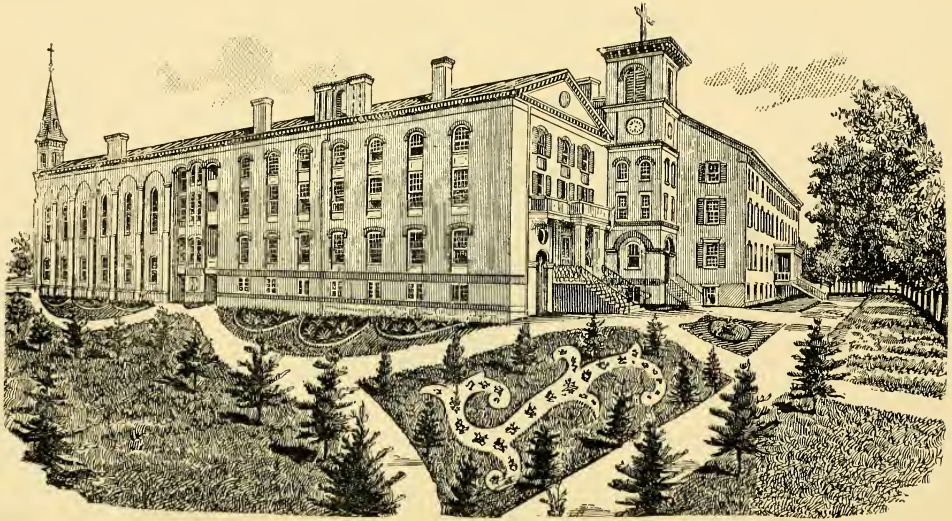
President of St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau—Called to Paris and Made Visitor—Named by Rome for Buffalo's Vacant See—Begs to be Relieved of the Burden—Letter from Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda.

IN 1851, Father Ryan was summoned by his superiors to St. Vincent's College at Cape Girardeau, Mo., then, as now, a splendid institution of learning, situated upon a breezy upland whence the opposite wooded shores of Illinois look beauteous in their summer verdure, and the broad Mississippi that laves its base is visible for many a winding mile. Here he remained as prefect and one of the foremost members of the faculty until the return to Spain of the president, Father Masneau, when he was selected to fill that responsible position.

Under Father Ryan's administration the college flourished to an unwonted degree; students from Louisiana and the surrounding West thronged its campus; and it seemed as if he were to have a long lease of presidential honors when, in 1857, he was suddenly summoned to Paris by M. Etienne, Superior-General of the Vincentians; and, despite his young years and personal reluctance to assume such weighty responsibilities, was officially commissioned Visitor, or head, of the community in the United States. At this time Father Ryan was only thirty-two years old and but eight years a priest.

This was in the spring of the year; but he remained in Paris to celebrate at the *Maison Mere* the anniversary of his ordination. He thence had the happiness of visiting for the first time the Eternal City and feasting his soul upon the glory of its religious and artistic monuments. No wonder that when presented to the Prefect of the Propaganda, the venerable Cardinal, after gazing with surprise upon the young priest, exclaimed, "What young men they make Visitors of in America!"

It was in the fall of the following year (1858) that the present writer first saw Father Ryan. He was on a visit to his con-



ST. VINCENT'S SEMINARY, CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo.

Of which Bishop Ryan was Prefect and afterwards President until his appointment as Superior of the Lazarists of the United States.

freres who had just taken charge of Archbishop Kenrick's seminary in South St. Louis; and we shall never forget his appearance then. He was almost a skeleton in form; wore two immense lenses in ungainly rims of steel; had a shock of dark hair seemingly impervious to stoutest comb or brush; spoke little and ate almost nothing. Yet even to those who did not then know him there was a strange power about this priest that won reverence and affection.

The direction and government of a large and widely-scattered religious community, like the Vincentians, in the United States was surely a heavy burden to place upon shoulders so young. But the delicate priest rose grandly equal to the requirements of his position. He was firm, yet gentle; rigorous, still indulgent; while the progressive spirit he infused into the community placed it in the front rank of religious orders throughout the land.

Meanwhile he was ceaselessly giving missions everywhere; allowing himself but little sleep, and, when not in the pulpit, hearing confessions ordinarily beyond the hours of physical endurance. It was at his instance and under his guidance that the mother-house of the community was transferred from its old woodland home in Missouri to St. Louis; and still later to its present beautiful site in Germantown—a suburb of Philadelphia—where it stands a monument to the taste and foresight of this progressive priest.*

It was while engaged in such labors that Rome summoned Father Ryan to assume still greater honors. His friend and confrere, the Rt. Rev. John Timon, first bishop of Buffalo, had just laid down the pastoral staff of his charge and gone to his great reward; and prelate, priest and layman instinctively pointed to Very Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan as his suitable successor. But despite the unanimity of the choice and the insistence of judicious friends, he shrank from episcopal responsibilities; and, when the bull of his appointment came to him, while giving a mission in St. Bridget's Church, St. Louis, he returned it, earnestly beseeching the Propaganda to relieve him from the dreaded burden. His supplications were in vain. The

* At this time the Congregation of the Mission in the United States was comprised in one Province. Since then two have been formed—one for the East, another for the West. The mother-house of the former remains in Germantown; that of the latter has returned to the old "Barrens."

bull was sent to him again; this time accompanied with a command which he could not disobey.

The appended letter, addressed to him by the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, has special relevance in this connection:

RME. DNE:

Ab Archiepiscopo Neoeboracensi nuper accepi literas, quibus exponit Di. Tuam, ubi audivit se ad episcopatum Buffalensem esse designatum, protestatam fuisse se varias ob causas haud posse ad eam dignitatem officiumque acceptandum induci. Verum quamcumque esse possint rationes hujusmodi, profecto non tanti aestimandi sunt, ut Pontificis vox Te ad officium pastorale vocantis, potissimum vero summa fidelium necessitas, regnique Dei augendi opportunitas minus apud D. Tuam valere debeant. Itaque cum animum Tuum Apostolicae Sedis voluntati acquiescendi plane probatum sciam, quod nimirum noverit ea voluntate vocem ipsam Domini exhiberi, his meis vehementer hortor, ac plurimum in Domino suadeo, ut Episcopali muneri ultro humeros submittas, confidens illum, qui Te ad summi sacerdotii dignitatem vocavit, gratiarum divitias infirmitati Tuae roborandae necessarias abundanter ministraturum.

Deum interim precor, ut Te diu sospitem incolumemque servet.

Romae ex Aedibus S. C. de Prop. Fide, 5 Maii, 1868.

D. Tuae.

Addictissimus,

A. C. BARNABÓ, Praef.

R. D. Stephano Ryan, Electo Epo. Buffalensi.

TRANSLATION.

REV. SIR:

I recently received a letter from the Archbishop of New York, in which he stated that your Reverence, when you heard that you had been chosen Bishop of Buffalo, protested that, for various reasons, you could by no means be induced to accept that dignity and office. Now, although there may be such reasons, certainly they are not to be considered of so great importance, that the voice of the Supreme Pontiff calling you to the pastoral office; and, especially, the supreme need of the faithful, and the opportunity of spreading of the kingdom of God should be considered by your Reverence of less value. Therefore, knowing your well-proven disposition to comply with the will of the Holy See,—for you know that by that will is manifested the very voice of the Lord,—by this letter I earnestly exhort and strongly advise you in the Lord, cheerfully to take upon your shoulders the burden of the episcopacy, confident that He who has called you to the dignity of the supreme priest-

hood, will provide abundantly the riches of His graces that are necessary to strengthen your weakness. Meantime, praying God to protect and preserve you, I remain,

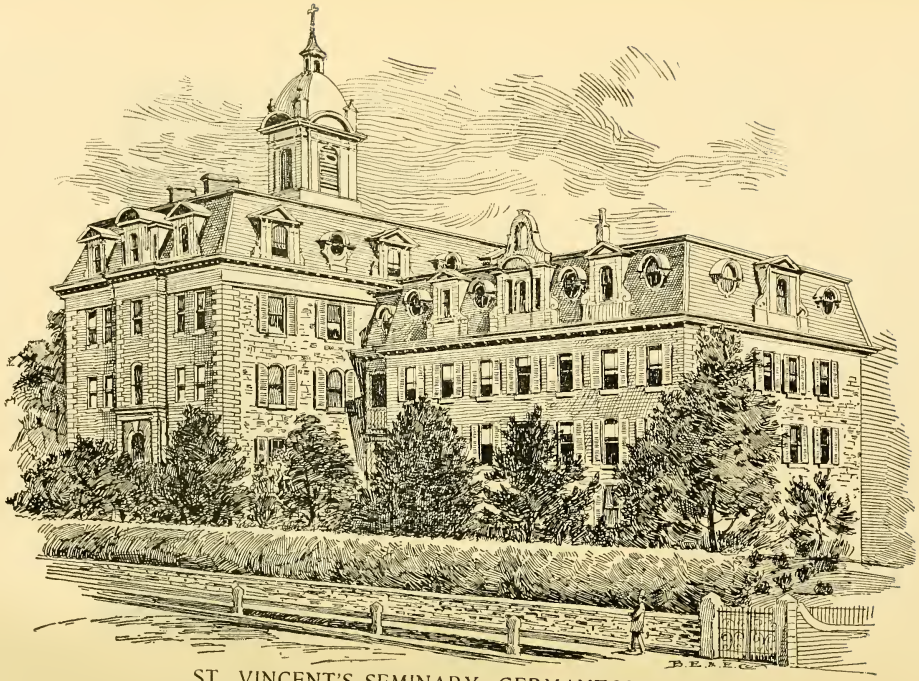
Yours most devotedly,

A. C. BARNABÓ,
Prefect.

PROPAGANDA, ROME, May 5th, 1868.
REV. STEPHEN RYAN,
Bishop-Elect of Buffalo.

Father Ryan could no longer withstand the insistence of Rome. In the reiterated voice of the Supreme Pontiff he heard the voice of God; and so with resigned soul and full of trust in the Divine aid, he yielded his shoulders to the burden.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, LOCKPORT, N. Y.



ST. VINCENT'S SEMINARY, GERMANTOWN, PA.

The New Mother-House of the Lazarists, founded by Bishop Ryan in 1857.

Chapter V.

Preparing for the Consecration—Impressive Scene—Magnetic Oratory—Welcomed by the Laity—Vivid Description of the Event—Distinguished Personages Present.

THOSE who knew him need not be told with what fervid vigil, prayer and fast the Bishop-elect prepared his soul for the worthy prosecution of the labors so energetically begun and carried on by his venerable predecessor the saintly Timon. November 1st, Feast of All Saints, was the day selected for the consecration; but for some reason which the writer cannot now recall, the ceremony could not be performed then, and the octave of the festival was chosen instead.

Meanwhile Buffalo was all aglow with preparation and expectancy. And when, at last, the appointed day arrived, the recently mourning cathedral was robed in sparkling vesture of joy; the anointed bells turned their late dirge of grief into peals of gladness; the sanctuary filled with congratulating priest and prelate; the vast cathedral thronged with welcoming and rejoicing hearts; while the ceremony of consecration was emphasized in its solemnity by one of the most magnificent discourses ever pronounced by human lips. The orator was the Rev. P. J. Ryan of St. Louis, long since the distinguished Archbishop of Philadelphia, the same prelate whose memorable address at Bishop Ryan's Episcopal Silver Jubilee on November 8, 1893, attracted such wide attention. The impressive ceremony in the cathedral was supplemented by addresses and a monster torchlight procession on the part of the laity, and indeed by the general and heartfelt welcome of citizen Buffalo.

The late Thomas Keane's dramatic pen thus describes the newly-consecrated Bishop, in the Buffalo *Daily Courier* of Nov. 9, 1868:

Yesterday was made memorable in the annals of the Catholic Church in this diocese, and indeed throughout the Union, by the consecration which elevated the Right Rev. Stephen Vincent

Ryan, C. M., to the episcopacy of the Roman Catholic diocese of Buffalo. Since the advent of Bishop Timon, over a score of years ago, no event has been looked forward to by our Catholic citizens with more interest. There was a very natural anxiety to know what manner of man would be called upon to fill the vacancy created by the lamented prelate, who was esteemed by every class and loved by all who knew him. It was no difficult matter to conceive it possible that Bishop Timon's successor would not come fully up to Bishop Timon's standard, so lofty and noble was it in its simplicity, charity, and as we believe, purity of the interior life; or to approach him in comprehensiveness of design and fervidness of zeal in the fulfillment of what he conceived to be his mission. This anxiety will soon be relieved; already a strong feeling of confidence has sprung into existence, as if by magic, among our Catholic people, in favor of Bishop Ryan, and that an acquaintance with him will strengthen that confidence until it ultimates in ardent affection we have not the remotest doubt. . . .

In personal appearance Bishop Ryan is a little below the medium height, of slender build, with dark complexion, expressive eyes, and the face of a man who had given unsparingly of his vitality to the work in which his energies have centered. His organization indicates energy, activity, intensity, with a certain wiriness of character which admits of great power and endurance. We should not select him as a man conservative by nature; but meditation, a liberal culture and an acquaintance with all classes, have, in a degree, rendered him so. In whatever cause he might be found engaged he would be known for his zeal, his prudent aggressiveness and his fearlessness. He belongs to that class of men who live a century in twenty-five years, and who expend their vital forces while other men sleep. He looks to us like a man of genial temper and must needs become popular with his ministry and people. So much, in brief, of our present impressions of Bishop Ryan.

Among the distinguished clergy present were Archbishop McCloskey of New York (afterward the first American cardinal), Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn, Bishop Lynch of Toronto, Bishop Farrell of Hamilton, Bishop Williams of Boston, Bishop Bayley of Newark, N. J., Bishop McFarlane of Providence, R. I., Bishop Conroy of Albany, N. Y., Bishop O'Hara of Scranton, Pa., Bishop Wood of Philadelphia, Bishop de Goesbriand of Burlington, Vt., and Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, N. Y. Of these there are now living Archbishop Williams, Bishop de Goesbriand (the oldest Catholic prelate in the United States), Bishop O'Hara and Bishop McQuaid.

Those who took part in the Mass were: Celebrant, Most Rev. J. M. McCloskey, D. D.; Assistant Bishops, Rt. Rev. J. Loughlin, D. D., Rt. Rev. J. J. Lynch, D. D., Assistant Priest, Very Rev. William Gleeson; Deacons of Honor, Rev. Fathers Bede and Colgan; Deacon, Rev. J. McEvoy; Sub-Deacon, Rev. J. Rogers; First Master of Ceremonies, Rev. F. McNierney, D. D., (late Bishop of Albany), Second Master of Ceremonies, Rev. W. J. McNab; Third Master of Ceremonies, Rev. M. J. Darcy; Chaplains to Bishop Ryan, Rev. Father Orlando, C. M., and the Rev. Wm. Ryan, C. M., (the Bishop's brother), Reader of the Apostolic Mandate, Very Rev. J. Hayden, C. M. Most of those good priests have gone to their eternal reward. But four survive. The venerable Dean Colgan, full of years and honors, is in charge of the Corning, N. Y., mission; Rev. John McEvoy, fondly remembered by the older members of the cathedral parish, Buffalo, is a resident of San Leandro, Cal.; Rev. Wm. J. McNab is the beloved pastor of Medina, N. Y., and Rev. Mathew J. Darcy is permanent rector of St. John's, Lockport, N. Y.

Continuing, the same graphic pen thus pictures the peerless discourse delivered on the occasion:

At this point in the consecration ceremonies, Very Rev. P. J. Ryan of St. Louis entered the pulpit, and reading from the eighth chapter of the Book of Leviticus, commencing with the first verse what is written of the consecration of Aaron and his sons, he delivered the consecration sermon. Although we made notes of the same, we were forced to conclude that the fullest synopsis would only do it injustice and even a verbatim report would convey but an inadequate idea of its force and beauty. The speaker is an orator whose eloquence is fascinating and at times irresistible by force of its earnestness. His reasoning was lucid, severe, logical; his illustrations impetuous and apt: his rhetoric pure; his periods feeling and rounded, and his climaxes grand. His enunciation was clear, and his utterance frequently charged with a fire that made it electric. He spoke without notes, with evident spontaneity; and his sermon altogether was a masterpiece. That portion of it addressed to the newly-consecrated Bishop was splendidly eloquent and touching, and during its delivery, as indeed in previous portions of the address, the speaker was surprisingly dramatic. Whatever estimate may have been placed upon the sermon as an exposition of its theme by those who do not believe in the Catholic doctrines, all must have received it as a most eloquent effort.

Bishop Ryan attended Vespers at the cathedral in the evening and addressed the congregation briefly. Most of those who witnessed the exercises of that memorable day have long passed from earth; but the few who survive still cherish the event as a precious memory.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, BUFFALO.

In charge of the Jesuit Fathers.

Chapter VI.

Surveying the Field—The Two Bishops—Many Remarkable Points of Resemblance—Yet Opposite Characteristics—Striking Contrasts

AND now the second Bishop of Buffalo having entered the field of his episcopal labors, it may not be inappropriate to take a brief glance at that field and to outline the character of him who, as pioneer prelate of the missionary diocese, had felled its forests, leveled its hills, filled its valleys, bridged its streams and caused the erstwhile wilderness to bloom a fair and fragrant garden of the Lord.

The Rt. Rev. John Timon was in many respects a marvelous personality. He would have achieved distinction in any avocation to which he devoted his tremendous energies. Since the hour he had vowed his life to the service of the Master, his soul of fire knew no rest save in planting the Cross and preaching Christ Crucified. Both by nature and grace he was singularly suited for the arduous labors to which he was called. To the zeal of an apostle he united the courage of a martyr, the abnegation of a hermit, the prayerful spirit of a solitary of the desert and the never-failing charity of a Christ-like heart. Like the Apostle of the Gentiles, he could have described himself as "in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren, in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

When sent by the Holy Ghost through the voice of Peter's successor, to govern the newly-created See of Buffalo, (April 23d, 1847), Bishop Timon had neither house nor home wherein to lay his head; and the sad story of those days—which we have no wish to repeat—shows that, like his Divine Master, when "he came unto his own, his own received him not." In his own sad

RT. REV. JOHN TIMON, D. D., C. M.
First Bishop of Buffalo. Died April 16, 1867.

words: "A Bishop, perhaps, never began under circumstances more discouraging."

Nothing daunted, however, with a fervor and courage that could have come only from above, the great soul of John Timon rose superior to every trial; and grasping his pastoral staff, with confidence in Him who strengtheneth, he began his manifold labors in his vast diocesan domain. That domain extended from the mouth of the rushing Niagara to the far Susquehanna—hundreds of miles away; and from the shores of Ontario to the winding region that borders Lake Erie. In other words, it comprised all the territory in the Empire State which lies west of the eastern limit of Cayuga, Tompkins and Tioga counties—an area containing 13,812 square miles.

All that vast region had then only sixteen scattered priests and about the same number of shanty chapels. But He who giveth the increase soon marvelously multiplied both; while under the inspiration of the indefatigable Bishop golden-hearted charity opened her treasures, and lo! hospitals, asylums and homes for almost every species of misfortune were established; schools, academies and colleges rose up as if by magic; and a peerless cathedral representing the offerings of the generous in many lands, towered toward the sky, gladdening the heart of all citizen Buffalo with the music of its bells, the artistic lines of its Gothic architecture, and the marvelous beauty of its storied windows.

Nor will it be amiss to mention here the many points of similarity which marked the careers of Bishop Timon and Bishop Ryan. The first was ordained to the priesthood the very year in which the second was born. Both sprang from devoted Christian parents. Both harkened to the mysterious voice of God summoning them to the sanctuary, like Aaron of old. By the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience both sacrificed their earthly all to God and became humble children of St. Vincent de Paul. Both were college professors, prefects and presidents. Both were called to the leadership of the Vincentian Congregation in the United States. Both were promoted to the see of Buffalo. Both left the impress of their saintly lives on their day and generation. Both attained almost the same age—seventy-two. Both died in the same month, April—the one, while the victorious branches of Palm Sunday were still waving in the hosannah-laden air; the

other amid the lilies of the Resurrection and the alleluias of Easter gladness and glory. Both were signally honored in life and both universally mourned and eulogized in death.

And, yet, despite those striking similarities in their careers, and the golden links of affection that bound their hearts, it were difficult to find two men so diametrically opposite in the salient features of their characters. They possessed, indeed, many fundamental qualities in common, and seemingly in equal abundance. Among these were the spirit of prayer, the cultivation of the interior life, the zeal for extending the kingdom of Christ, the upholding of the Church's honor, the providing the blessings of a Christian education for the young, and the alleviation of distress among suffering humanity. But when this is said, we have reached the line of demarcation where the agreement ends and the divergence in their dispositions begins.

Bishop Timon had an ardent, fiery nature which, when thoroughly roused, he could not always control. Bishop Ryan was almost equally prone to anger, but, like St. Francis de Sales, so entirely had he conquered himself, that he became conspicuous for the opposite virtue. The one was a Vesuvius that betimes blazed forth in fury; the other an extinct volcano which the years had clothed with verdure and fruitage. The first, therefore, was a man of impulse; the second, one of deliberation. Both equally active and tireless in the acquisition of knowledge for the furtherance of their ministry, the first Bishop of Buffalo was more the man of affairs; the second, more the retiring student. John Timon was demonstrative; Stephen Vincent Ryan reserved. The one gave his confidence freely, and was fervid in speech and action; the other was cautious in whom he confided, yet under that cold exterior there glowed a warm and tender soul. Nor were the styles of their oratory less marked by the same characteristics. Bishop Timon's was noted for its nervous strength; Bishop Ryan's for its polished periods. The first was more forceful with the masses; the second more delightful to scholars. The one was the more impressive declaimer; the other the more accomplished rhetorician. The first Bishop was eminently a man of action; the second Bishop profoundly a man of thought. John Timon's nature was like a torrent rushing down the mountain crushing every obstacle that impeded its course; Stephen Vincent Ryan's resembled a majestic river flowing calmly on,

mirroring the heavens in its tranquil bosom, and enriching the soil through which it passed.

Ecce sacerdos magnus! Behold, in each, a great priest who in his days pleased God and was found just; and in the time of wrath was made a reconciliation!

ST. STANISLAUS (POLISH) SCHOOL, BUFFALO.

A POPULAR PORTRAIT OF BISHOP RYAN.

Chapter VII

Third Visit to Rome—Vatican Council—At Death's Door—Glad Welcome Home—Wonderful Activity—Consecrates Diocese to Sacred Heart—Parochial Schools.

WE return now to Bishop Ryan exclusively. Twenty-eight years have passed since he heard the solemn charge on the morning of his consecration, delivered by the great orator of St. Louis.

Full many a grave has been dug since then; and oh, how many changes have swept over the face of this fair city—and the world! Few the months that intervened between Bishop Ryan's consecration and the opening of the Vatican Council; so that the sacred oils were scarcely dry upon his anointed brow when he had to leave for awhile his lately-wedded spouse—the diocese of Buffalo. His third visit to Rome, therefore, was to take part in the deliberations of that historic Council. He was present at all the sessions until its temporary close; and witnessed the bombardment of the Holy City by the Italian revolutionists under Garibaldi. In unison with Bishop (now Archbishop) Hennessy of Dubuque, Bishop Ryan occupied, while in Rome, pleasant quarters in the Via del Corso. But the departure of the prelate already named, soon after the interruption of the Council, left him alone to battle with a dreadful illness that well-nigh proved mortal. For long and weary months he lay, more dead than alive, under a blazing Roman sky. Friends the most sanguine entertained little hope of his recovery; and indeed it seemed as if his episcopal career were doomed to be of brief duration. But Providence had ruled otherwise. There was work in abundance awaiting his return. To the great joy of his flock, his unexpected recovery was heralded from over the seas; and his arrival soon afterward in the episcopal city of his home, was hailed with feelings of universal gratitude and delight.

Thence began Bishop Ryan's manifold labors throughout the diocese. Missions were divided, new churches built, schools erected, new charitable and educational institutions established

and those already existing improved and enlarged. The Bishop was here, there and everywhere, infusing much of his own zeal for the progress of religion into the hearts of his priests and people. It was soon after his first episcopal visit to Rome that he erected the present spacious residence and beautiful chapel adjoining the Cathedral; and in the spring of the same year, 1872, he established the Buffalo Catholic Publication Company and the weekly newspaper known as the *Catholic Union*—now the *Catholic Union and Times*—the only permanent journalistic success ever achieved under Catholic auspices in Western New York.

He was then in the golden prime of his activities—laying cornerstones, dedicating churches, writing books and pastorals, proclaiming the sanctity of Christian marriage, presenting pleas for Christian education, creating school boards and elevating the standard of parochial schools, correcting funeral abuses, promoting temperance, establishing young men's associations, devising ways and means to support the orphans, providing the diocese with well-educated devoted priests, foreseeing the needs of the large influx of Polish immigration, conducting spiritual retreats for priests, lecturing and preaching before representative bodies and for charitable purposes throughout the land.

Amid all those various burdens and labors, Bishop Ryan never diverted the gaze of his soul from the skies. He never undertook anything of importance without long, fervid prayer for light and strength. He well knew that unless Heaven blessed his work he would labor in vain; and so he always built on the foundation of the supernatural; the spiritual was the alpha and the omega of all his achievements. As an evidence of this tender, deep-rooted piety, we find him dedicating the diocese to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the early years of his episcopate; and giving the motives for such action in a beautiful pastoral letter, issued November 28, 1873, from which we cull the following:

We look forward, then, to the consecration of our diocese to the divine Heart of our adorable Redeemer with fondest expectations, as the occasion of great and abundant blessings, as the opening of a rich vein of heavenly grace, to enrich and strengthen and sanctify us all. The purest heart of our Immaculate Mother, we know, will throb with new love and increased affection for her children of Buffalo when she finds them all united and bowed together in prayerful worship and adoring love before the adorable

Heart of her divine Son. From this source, we especially, dearly beloved priests of God, may draw strength to sustain us in our arduous and unceasing labors, light to guide us in the art of arts, the direction of souls, *"ars artium, regimen animarum,"* grace to sanctify our own souls while laboring for the salvation of our brethren. Yes, hence and only hence, from the heart of Jesus, in and by and through the merits and the love of Jesus, can we hope to derive the supernatural strength and light and grace to labor fruitfully and co-operate effectually with Christ in the divinest of all divine works, in winning hearts to God, in guiding immortal souls to heaven. Hence, dearly beloved faithful, fathers and mothers, will flow unto you, your families and homes, grace and blessing to sweeten your toil, to alleviate your distress, to enrich your poverty, to gladden your hearts; here will you find conjugal fidelity, purity and peace. But you chiefly, dear little children, draw near unto the Heart of Jesus, which now, as of old, warms toward you; the Saviour's hands are extended to embrace and bless you as every beat of His Heart seems to say again "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." There you, my dear children, will learn love, obedience and respect for your parents: there your parents will learn to cherish, watch over and care for you, the little ones of Christ, ever dear to the Heart of Jesus; and thus the heart of Jesus will make loving parents, dutiful children, bright, blessed, peaceful, happy homes, a very picture of Heaven on earth. There, too, young men and maidens, you may imbibe those Christian principles, that religious spirit, that unsullied purity, that modesty, gentleness and amiability of manners that will not only endear you to the Heart of Jesus, but also throw a charm around your persons, a light along your pathway in life. Yes, Jesus Himself has promised that a tender devotion and loving worship of His divine Heart in the sacrament of His love should become a source of blessings to all who practise it. This devotion, dear brethren of the clergy, will be an earnest and pledge of success in our labors for souls, for which that Heart bled its last drop of blood; for you, children of the laity, an opened fountain of life-giving grace, and thus to all it will be a rekindling of faith, a quickening of Catholic life.

This tender spirit of piety, which had always characterized Bishop Ryan's private life, permeated all his public utterances, both oral and written. He never lost sight of the dread duties of the episcopal office; and, accordingly, his daily thought and nightly dream was to lead souls to God, to enlarge the reign of Christ on earth, and thus make the world purer, sweeter and better.

Recognizing ignorance as one of the chief obstacles to the

progress of religion, Christian education, in its manifold significance, was a theme of which he never tired. In lecture, pastoral, pamphlet and newspaper article he constantly emphasized the vital importance of a thorough Christian training for the young. For this reason he regarded the well-equipped parochial school as of almost equal importance with the parish church. His great lecture delivered in St. James' Hall, Buffalo, February 25, 1875, was a remarkably forceful and comprehensive "Plea for Christian Schools." It created a profound impression and led to a protracted discussion in the city press. Perhaps no better evidence can be given of his tender solicitude in this regard, than the following words taken from a pastoral letter addressed to the clergy and laity of the diocese, February 27, 1881:

As our schools occupy much of our attention, and are among the most pressing solicitudes of our pastoral charge, engrossing our thoughts and burdening our conscience, naturally the first subject presented for your respectful consideration, will be that which I believe to be of the first importance, viz : that of establishing, sustaining and improving our parish schools. We will never be satisfied until we have provided facilities of acquiring a Christian education within the reach of all the children of the diocese, and have gathered the bulk of the Catholic youth into schools in which this object is attainable. I need not repeat what I have often said before, that no parish is fully equipped for parish work, unless provided with a good school; no church can make progress in what is essentially the mission of a church, can build up its members in piety, religion, and faith, unless the young are instructed in their faith, and trained to the practices of piety. True Catholic life, genuine Catholic sentiments and instincts, can only exist and endure, when implanted and, as it were, ingrained in the soul even from its mother's breast, by such deft and loving ways as only intelligent religious mothers know, and afterward fostered, deepened and confirmed in ripening youth by a Christian education. Religious and moral principles cannot be hoped for, in mature years, unless sown in infancy, by the voice and example of good parents; they are watered, sheltered and cultivated; as the heart warms and expands, the mind unfolds and matures, in the atmosphere of a religious school. The Christian school must, then, be ready to take the child from the threshold of the Christian home and fit the young boy and the young girl to be consistent, instructed and faithful members of the Christian Church. In the school, children must learn to know and love, to appropriate and assimilate the saving truths and divine principles of the Christian religion, to understand, cherish and adopt in practice, in spirit and in truth, the

divine lessons of Christian morality, Christian virtue. The Christian Church is fed from the Christian school, and this in turn filled from the Christian family: the Christian home. These constantly and necessarily act and re-act on each other, and on society.

Nor was it in fervid words only that Buffalo's late Bishop showed his abiding interest in Catholic schools. He labored sedulously to bring them to a high standard of excellence and to make them equal to the best of secular schools. For this purpose he established a diocesan Board of School Examiners which was charged with the supervision of all things pertaining to parochial education. By his direction annual conventions of the diocesan teachers were also held in unison with said school board. The purpose of those assemblages was to propose and discuss views calculated to further elevate the tone and curriculum of the parochial school, and to adopt measures in accordance with the conclusions reached. When at home the Bishop never failed to be present at such meetings; and by speech and suggestion greatly contributed to the advantages they conferred. The glad result of all this care and labor and sacrifice soon became manifest. Buffalo's diocesan schools became noted for excellence throughout the country; and this excellence was recognized and rewarded at the Columbian Exhibition.

SEMINARY OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

In charge of the Congregation of the Mission.

Chapter VIII.

Various Pastoral Topics—The Curse of Intemperance—Solicitude for Young Men—Cornerstone Laying and Dedication of St. Stephen's Hall.

OTHER pastoral topics on which Bishop Ryan specially dwelt were the sanctity of the marriage tie; the happiness and beauty of the Christian home; the necessity of safeguarding young men from the perils that surround them; the dreadful evils of intemperance; the rights and duties of labor and capital; and the encouragement that should be given to the Catholic press and to other forms of Catholic literature.

His frequent pastoral letters abound in lucid disquisitions on these and kindred themes; and it is to be hoped that in the near future those valuable public documents may be collected and published. What mines of research! what apt illustrations! what beautiful reflections do they not contain! A treasure indeed would they be to any library.

No heart was more saddened than Bishop Ryan's at the dread havoc and widespread desolation caused by the Moloch of Intemperance. He saw in drunkenness a universal wreck—of soul, body, heart, hope, honor—everything; and he deplored its sin and shame as but too common even among Catholics. It was, therefore, his custom when visiting the various missions of the diocese to inveigh with special force against this vice. Listen, for instance, to these words with which he concluded an eloquent discourse in his cathedral before the seventeenth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, Aug. 29, 1877:

And let me tell you again, you are engaged in a holy cause and you are charged with a most sacred trust, and that you are in this movement doing God's work, and God's blessing I hope will be with you to secure your own good, your own sanctification, the good of society, the honor and glory of God's Church, the spread of faith. For with the spread of morality, with

sobriety and the practice of temperance, such as you profess, all other virtues become easy; the practice of all religious duties becomes easy, and the Church of God will grow with your help extended to her in the true spirit of the Catholic Total Abstinence societies of these United States.

We are glad to see so many of you present; we are glad to see that our own societies have turned out in numbers and we hope that they will grow and multiply. We said before, and we repeat it, we would delight above all things to see these temperance societies established in every parish throughout our diocese and working together with the pastors of the Church to promote the glory of God and the interests of the Church; a band of united, intelligent and virtuous men, co-operating with their pastors to promote—not their own selfish ends or their own political advancement, or their own material gains—but to promote the glory of God and the sacred cause of temperance, on which virtue and law and order and everything else that is good may be built.

Indeed, of late years he never administered confirmation without at the same time exhorting the young boys before him to take the total abstinence pledge, at least until they grew to manhood; believing that the habit of temperance thus formed during the intervening years would make them sufficiently strong to resist the allurements of the wine cup all their after days. How often did he express the wish that a temperance society would flourish in every parish throughout the diocese! Time and again, by presence and speech, did he encourage and bless the cause of temperance in national and state conventions; while on two noted occasions in his episcopal city, his venerable form was conspicuous upon the scene and his voice heard in benediction on the brave words of Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Keane.

The spiritual and temporal weal of young men also claimed a large share of Bishop Ryan's solicitude. As college professor, prefect and president, he had carefully studied the heart of youth with its generous impulses and fierce passions; and he thoroughly realized the dangerous allurements which beset the paths of young life. With a view of counteracting those dangers and aiding young men morally, intellectually and even socially, he constantly urged the formation of Catholic Young Men's Associations, which would prove centres of attraction for those beginning their careers. He would have such associations supplied with good libraries, including the leading literary periodicals of the day; and with the lectures and debates heard within their halls, he would associate

ST. STEPHEN'S HALL, Buffalo.

the delights of music, the pleasures of the billiard table and similar amusements; and even a certain amount of physical culture.

Indeed, it was the desire to provide such a central building for Catholic reunion and associate assemblage in Buffalo, that led to the erection of St. Stephen's Hall. The venture was a heavy financial burden on the Bishop's shoulders; but it was cheerfully borne in view of expected results. The cornerstone was laid with much pomp and enthusiasm on Sunday, May 10th, 1874. The Bishop delivered a splendid address on the occasion from which the following extract is made:

We wish to place this new institution which we are about to erect, under God's holy and providential care. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it" "Every good and perfect gift is from above, descending from the Father of Lights." We come here to perform a religious ceremony, not to speak. We leave that to those gentlemen selected for the purpose, who will address you and interest you. I must be permitted to say, however, that I regard this new building as eminently calculated to promote the interests of religion and morality in this city; and therefore I am here, as God's minister, to beg His blessing on the work that has been undertaken. This work is a work of religion, one designed to promote the welfare of the Church, and the advancement of morality and social order. True, this edifice is not directly intended for religious uses; it is not to be even one of those institutions specially intended for works of religion; but it is nevertheless an institution in which the interests of religion will be materially subserved. An illustrious prelate whom I had invited to be here on this occasion says, in his reply to that invitation, "I regard this work of Young Men's Catholic Associations as second only to that of our ecclesiastical seminaries." After the church and the school-house I know of no institution better calculated to promote the best interests of society and to advance true knowledge. Here it is proposed to plant an institution wherein our Catholic young men will be away from temptation, where they may have innocent amusements, those amusements that are suitable and necessary, and where they may store their minds with knowledge. I therefore regard the promotion of good morals as intimately connected with an institution of this kind.

The dedication of the Hall, December 2, 1875, was an occasion of great rejoicing. Oratory, poetry and music ruled the hour. It was a feast of the Muses, as well as a banquet of more substantial delights. Among the distinguished guests present were the late Bishop Crinnon of Hamilton, Ont.; the late Bishop

Borgess of Detroit; Bishop Walsh of London, Ont., (now Archbishop of Toronto); Bishop Mullen of Erie, Pa.; and Bishop McQuaid of Rochester.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH AND SCHOOL, BUFFALO.
In charge of the Redemptorist Fathers.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1891.

Chapter IX.

Importance of Catholic Literature—The Catholic Press—Warm Commendation of the "Catholic Union and Times."

A PRELATE of Bishop Ryan's scholarly attainments and keen appreciation of the special needs of the present, could not be indifferent to the progress of the Catholic press and the spread of Catholic literature. He accordingly recognized in the properly-conducted Catholic paper a wondrous power for good; and contributed to the support of almost every Catholic publication in the country. One of the first enterprises that marked the young years of his episcopate was the establishment of a Catholic paper which would explain Catholic teaching, defend Catholic truth, correct error, refute slander, and be an influence for good in every Catholic home. He saw the importance of such a publication in present conditions; and therefore the *Catholic Union and Times* was the very apple of his eye. He rejoiced in its growth, was proud of its success and the far-reaching influence and power it had achieved. Frequently during the past twenty-three years his congratulating words came as sweetest reward to those in charge of the paper, and now—alas!—that such felicitations can come from him no more, they are more than ever prized and cherished. The following is a sample of those kindly congratulations:

Rev. Patrick Cronin,
Editor Catholic Union and Times:

Rev. dear Sir—On this joyous occasion, the nineteenth anniversary of the founding of our diocesan Catholic journal, I need do little more, it seems to me, than renew and emphasize the full and sincere approbation given to it at its first issue, most heartily recommending it to the Catholic public. Yet with the evidences of growth, prosperity and great success which it presents to-day, and knowing that for the last seventeen years, perhaps the best years of your life, you have, with unabated energy and untiring zeal devoted your time and talents to the paper that greets us so pleasantly in its new dress improved and enlarged, we are constrained to offer you our best and heartiest congratula-

tions; for to you we may say almost exclusively is due its present bright and honorable position in the newspaper world. You have reason, then, Rev. dear Sir, to be proud to-day as you sent out on its useful and important mission your enlarged and improved *Catholic Union and Times*, with which your name has been so long and intimately identified; and which comes to us weekly, radiant with a brightness reflected from a mind richly stored with varied learning, and flavored with sweetest perfumes of flowers garnered from fresh fields of literature, poesy and eloquence—all made to do service in the holy cause of religion and Catholic faith.

And just here, I wish to express my great satisfaction that you have been able to attract to your journal the aid of well-known literary pens not of your own faith, and that its columns have ever been open to encourage ripening talent. Contributors are never questioned as to nationality or religious creed. Their contributions, however, must come up to a well-known high standard of literary excellence.

I am sure your many thousand readers will endorse the sincere thanks I offer you for what you have achieved in the past and pray that you may be long spared as the editor of their own Catholic paper to bring sunshine and instruction and comfort to their homes; and to be the intrepid champion of their rights and defender of their faith before the world.

Catholic journalism has a holy mission. The press is a recognized power in the world to-day for good or evil, according to the purposes and character of those who control it. Though in general we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the honorable character and liberal tone of our secular press—and this we may say particularly of our local press—yet there is and always will be room for and need of ably-conducted Catholic journals. None know this better than our illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII., who has time and again blessed and encouraged Catholic journals and journalists; and in our own presence not many years ago, in his own apartments in the Vatican, he gave his blessing to you and to your paper, declaring your work worthy to engage the time and talents of the zealous and devoted priest.

But I would tire your readers and take up too much of your valuable birthday number, did I attempt to jot down a tithe of what comes crowding to my mind on the importance and value of the Catholic press, and the high and holy mission of a Catholic editor to society and religion; and for proof of this, I feel that I need go no further than our own *Catholic Union and Times* and its veteran editor. Ever in touch with all the grave political and religious movements of the day, especially where they affect the interest of his readers and his Church, if true to his mission, he will let no opportunity pass to vindicate their rights and defend their interests.

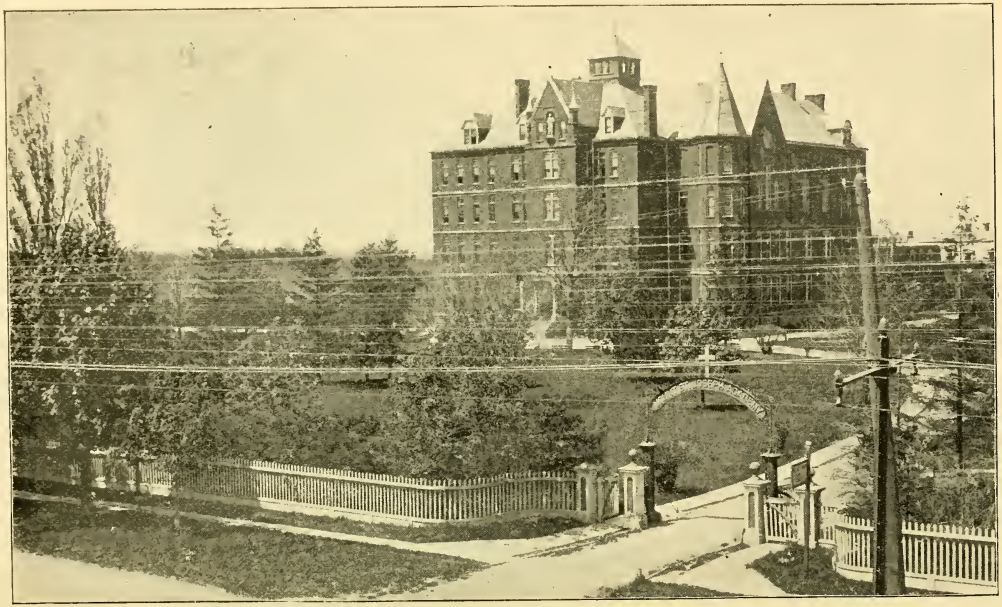
Let me now conclude by hoping as I did nineteen years ago, that your journal will be a welcome and instructive weekly visitor to every Catholic family in the diocese.

April 17, 1890. S. V. R.

Six years have passed since the foregoing words were penned; and the *Union and Times* is now in its twenty-fifth year. With what glad expectancy the editor of that paper looked forward to the celebration of the silver jubilee, when its venerable founder and friend should preside at the commemorating banquet and voice his renewed felicitations on that day of joy. Alas! his lips are silent now; and those eyes that then would beam so kindly are rayless in the tomb!

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY ANGELS, BUFFALO.

In charge of the Grey Nuns.



ACADEMY OF MT. ST. JOSEPH, BUFFALO.

In charge of Sisters of St. Joseph.

Chapter X.

Death of Pius IX.—Impressive Services in Buffalo—Bishop Ryan's Ad Limina Visits—In Ireland, England, the Continent and Holy Land—Citizen Ovations on His Return.

THE death of Pius IX., on February 7, 1878, made a profound impression not only in the Catholic circles of Buffalo, but throughout the entire city. The intelligence that the great Pontiff-King had passed away brought gloom to every brow; while the memories of his slow martyr-life, the indignities to which he had been subjected, his noble courage amid appalling dangers, the love which ever welled up in his great heart, and the manifold glories of his phenomenally long pontificate, vividly rushed upon Bishop Ryan's sensitive soul, awakening therein a deep and tender grief. He realized that there lived not on earth another whose demise could have produced so universal a sensation. Kings fade from the world even as the summer flower; and as men of might fall beneath the blighting breath of death, the emotion evoked thereby is but local and transitory. But when the inevitable decree comes to the illustrious Father of Christendom, it creates a sorrowing interest in which all the peoples of the world take part.

The memorial services in Buffalo were surrounded with a sombre magnificence never before witnessed in that city. Protestant vied with Catholic in contributing to the solemnity of the scene. It was in truth an impressive spectacle; and as the Bishop rose to address the vast, silent multitude—comprising the Mayor and Common Council, representatives of the bench, bar, medical and journalistic professions, and indeed the various worth of citizen Buffalo—he astonished even those who had expected great things from him then. The present writer never heard him so eloquent before or afterward. He had evidently given much preparation to the discourse; while in voice, manner and gesture he was at his best. Were the writer asked to point out the most impressive

sermon he had ever heard Bishop Ryan deliver, he would at once refer to this.

On the 7th of the following September, Bishop Ryan, accompanied by the author of this sketch, sailed from New York to pay his second episcopal visit to Rome—this time to comply with the *Ad Limina* obligation. He was received by the Holy Father and the officials of the Propaganda with the greatest kindness and consideration. Indeed, he had but to express the slightest wish for any favor or privilege for his diocese and it was granted immediately. On this occasion the Bishop saw much of Rome—

"City of the soul * * *
Lone mother of dead empires!"

and the principal cities of the Continent; besides visiting the Holy House of Loretto, Paray le Monial and Louise Lateau, to whom, in her humble cottage, he gave holy communion. During those seven months abroad he was received with distinguished consideration by his Vincentian brothers whithersoever he went —especially at the mother-house in Paris, the Irish College in the same metropolis; and at Dax, the childhood home of St. Vincent de Paul.

Returning from the Continent, the Bishop spent some time in Great Britain and Ireland, viewing many a storied scene in those old lands. While in London he often visited Cardinal Manning; and went to Birmingham for the sole purpose of paying his respects to the great Newman. His reception in Ireland, at this time, was of the warmest character. Wherever he went, from Belfast to Cork and from Dublin to Sligo, he was greeted with "a hundred thousand welcomes"; and on embarking upon his homeward voyage, was accompanied to the steamer by the venerable Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, and the late Rt. Rev. Bishop McCarthy of Cloyne. His return to Buffalo in the early March of 1879 was hailed with delight, not only by the priests and people of his immediate flock, but by all his fellow-citizens. On this occasion he was given a reception and presented with an affectionate address of welcome and a generous purse.

the accumulated business that awaited the Bishop's return found prompt despatch; and the affairs of the diocese felt once more the impress of his well-known energy.

in the winter of 1879 he issued a pathetic appeal in behalf of famine-stricken Ireland, and the swift response of $15,567 was at

once distributed in the more suffering localities of that afflicted land. A similar appeal in May, 1881, for the same unhappy island, received a like generous answer.

On the 8th of November, 1887, on the occasion of the nineteenth anniversary of his episcopal consecration, the priests of the diocese presented the Bishop with $20,000 toward the building of a desirable new residence which should remove him from the clangor of railway bells and the suffocating dust and smoke surrounding the old habitation. The presentation was made by the lamented Mgr. Gleeson, the devoted Vicar-General of the diocese, and was received by the Bishop with expressions of gracious appreciation.

On December 3d of the same year, Bishop Ryan, accompanied by the late Very Rev. John Castaldi of Albion, paid a third official visit to the Eternal City; and at the close of his business there made a long-desired pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Borne over the wintry wave amid the gloom of "bleak December," his thoughtful mind found fresh food for reflection in olden lands. Once again he had a glimpse of Ireland—unconquered and unconquerable despite her political desolation—whose red-robed martyrs to creed and country are countless as the stars. He visited Britain's great Babylon, through whose hundred gates the wealth of plundered peoples flows in tribute. Yet in Babel-tongued London, even amid the rush and roar of her business, her pride, her wealth, her poverty, her wretchedness and her crime, he found the daily-growing Church rapidly regaining her ancient glory and nurturing precious blooms of virtue and holiness from ducal palace to pauper hut.

Once more he sojourned for a brief day in fair, fickle Paris, where godless revolution can never tear the Cross from the bosom of the eldest daughter of the Church; and where the memories of Christian centuries rise up in wrath to chide the irreligious manikins of to-day. And again he journeyed to immortal Rome —fond Mecca of the Christian heart—knelt in reverence before the great providential Leo who so triumphantly pilots the bark of Peter through unnumbered dangers; and feasted eye and soul upon the wealth and glory of Christian art and sacred shrine.

And then following the step of the Crusader to "the Holy Countree," he gazed with moistened eyes and throbbing heart upon places made sacred by the touch and empurpled by the

blood of the world's Redeemer. From Nazareth to Calvary and from Calvary to Olivet; over hallowed hill and vale and by the shores of the sea where the Saviour taught His chosen Twelve; aye, and in the banquet hall where He ate His Last Supper and instituted the Eucharistic sacrifice—everywhere in that sacred region the Bishop journeyed, knelt and prayed and communed with a fervor that only the angels know; not for himself alone, but for all those whose spiritual government and guidance the Lord had committed to his care.

Besides Father Castaldi, Bishop Burke, now of St. Joseph, Mo., and Mgr. Quigley of Charlestown, S. C., were of the party. The Bishop's pen was not idle during those journeyings. His letters home gave graphic pictures of all he saw; and dwelt, with soul-felt reverence, upon many a scene sanctified by the touch of the Saviour's feet. His return to this city, on the evening of Wednesday, April 25, 1888, was the occasion of one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations that Buffalo has ever witnessed. The streets were thronged with torchlight processionists for many a mile; the homes and business places of our chief citizens were brilliantly illuminated; the heavens flashed and blazed with the many-hued glory of soaring pyrotechnics; and at the close, the Bishop was welcomed home in fervid addresses by both priests and laity.

The memory of that night will never fade from the hearts of those who were present. Never before had Buffalo witnessed so remarkable a demonstration of enthusiasm and welcoming gladness as that which then greeted the Bishop's return to his episcopal city. Upward of twelve thousand men marched in procession; while all Buffalo seemed to have thronged the illumined streets through which it passed.

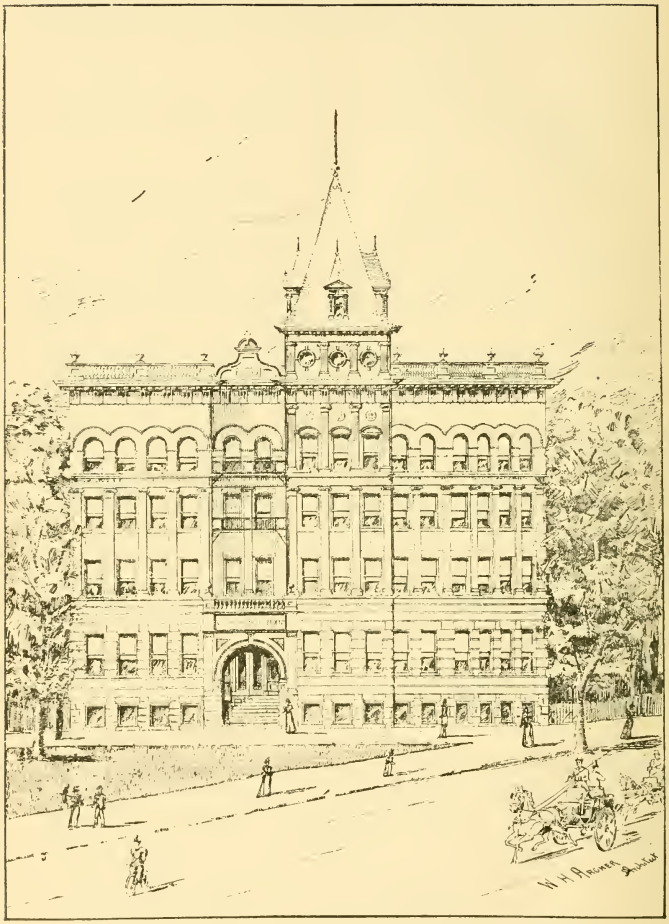
The city's greeting extended by Mayor Becker was most hearty. He assured the Bishop that of all the friends he had in many lands his warmest and best were around him then—"at home." All the papers of the city described the event in terms of highest eulogy; and took occasion, moreover, to pay eloquent tribute to the exalted character of the returned prelate.

"If the beloved Bishop of Buffalo," declared the *Express*, "were not one of the most modest men in the world, he would be to-day one of the proudest, as he is one of the happiest. The joyous welcome extended to him last evening was not only a demon-

stration of reverential affection of the faithful flock of which he is the Chief Shepherd in this great diocese, but it was an impressive sight and infallible token of the sincere respect in which this amiable and venerable prelate is held by all of his right-minded fellow-citizens in Buffalo. We do not remember ever having seen anything like it. The town was alive and illumined with one vast welcome."

The Bishop's response to all this extraordinary enthusiasm well befitted the occasion and the man. He declared that words utterly failed him to express adequately his grateful appreciation of so overwhelming a welcome. He was specially grateful for the kindness manifested by his fellow-citizens of other than Catholic faith. He referred feelingly to another demonstration, in the streets of Buffalo, nigh twenty years before, "to welcome a poor, unknown stranger." During those intervening years, he had become acquainted with the people, and the people had learned to know him. He regarded the extraordinary honors offered to him, not so much a personal greeting, as a manifestation of respect for the high office he held. And, indeed, he regarded it as a "proud privilege to be Bishop of Buffalo and to have both priests and people so worthy of the name and so worthy of all the honors that can be conferred upon them."

Verily, that was an ambrosial night whose memory is still fragrant in many a heart. It was an event which would have glorified the noblest life.



WORKING BOYS' HOME OF THE SACRED HEART, BUFFALO.

Chapter XI.

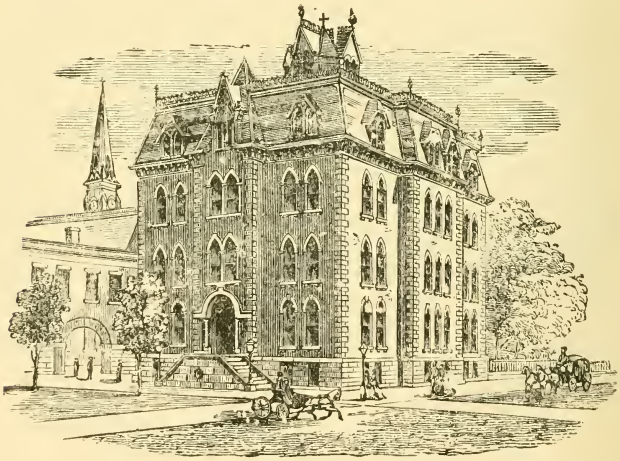
Many-sided Solicitude for His Flock—Concerned for their Temporal Interests, Too—Favored Associations for this Purpose.

PREVIOUS mention has been made of Bishop Ryan's abiding interest in the formation and sustenance of Catholic associations calculated to safeguard the morals and promote the intellectual advancement of his flock—especially the younger members thereof. But he went farther. He would also have for Catholics associations of a mutual beneficial character, based on the broad principles of insurance, conducted strictly on business methods and having on their banners the blessing of religion.

Under the Bishop's guidance and inspiration such an association was established in this diocese in July, 1876. It was thoroughly Catholic. No one could become a member without the testimony of his parish priest as to his spiritual fitness; and compliance with the law of the Church regarding Easter communion was a strict requirement. Baptized at birth and confirmed in youth by Bishop Ryan, the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association has become an agency of blessing and power throughout the land. The fact that the distinguished prelate was himself one of the earliest members of the association and continued to be its supreme spiritual guide is the key to its phenomenal success. It has now a membership of forty thousand, with branches in the chief cities and towns in the United States and Canada; has paid to the beneficiaries of deceased members over six millions of dollars; and has been the means of bringing spiritual and temporal blessings to numberless families.

About six and a half years ago a similar association for women was established, also under the auspices of Bishop Ryan. It is known as the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association; and from its birth to his death the Bishop was its chief spiritual adviser. This association, too, has been quite successful, and, no doubt, has a bright future.

The Bishop's solicitude for his flock did not confine itself exclusively to the spiritual. It also extended to their temporal welfare. He was desirous that most of them, if not all, should have their own homes and enjoy the advantages which such ownership implies. He realized the shiftless and often demoralizing tendencies of tenement life in our large cities; and admired the thrift, so observable in the German and the Pole, which knew no rest until a home and all its attendant comforts had been secured. It was for the purpose of stimulating others of his people to economize their earnings, with a view of likewise procuring homes of their own, that he favored the establishment of the Irish-American Savings and Loan Association in Buffalo twelve years ago; and in order to establish confidence in the reliability of its management, became one of its first members.



ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL SCHOOL, BUFFALO.

Chapter XII.

The Bishop's Patriotism—Shown by Public Pronouncements—Centennial of American Independence—Commemorating the First President's Inauguration—Garfield's Death—Invocation at Batavia.

NO man could be prouder of his American citizenship than Bishop Ryan. He knew no other land. He appreciated the character and genius of its people; was familiar with its mountains and forests, its lakes and rivers; had traveled over its vast territory from farthest Florida to the most northern border of our inland seas; and seen its fields of teeming wealth waving in marvelous blessing from Maine to California.

He regarded the wondrous discovery and achieved independence of these shores as the beneficent work of the Almighty—a blessed gift from God to the millions of His suffering children who had groaned so long under the lash of taskmasters and the tyranny of kings.

He believed that the American nation, founded on the principles of self-government—of civil and religious liberty—which opened wide its arms to the oppressed of the world and welcomed them hither to share its abundance, was destined in the designs of Providence to become the greatest and most progressive power the world had yet seen. And he saw in this new land so conditioned, a field of untold possibilities for the Church, in which, free and unshackled by concordats, she could propagate the knowledge and love of Christ, sow the seeds of virtue in the virgin soil, and perpetuate in the hearts of its people a reign of justice, charity and peace.

Evidences of this high-souled patriotism were frequent and impressive in the Bishop's public and official pronouncements; and it is believed that some of the more prominent of those utterances, at least in part, may not inappropriately be inserted here. This is the official letter he addressed to the priests of the diocese on

CANISIUS COLLEGE, BUFFALO.
In charge of the Jesuit Fathers.

the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the nation's independence:

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

REV. DEAR SIR:

The coming Fourth of July, the one hundredth anniversary of our National Independence, will rightfully claim from all patriotic citizens of these United States a whole-souled and generous celebration. Rejoicing millions of free men through the length and breadth of this free land, will recall with pride the ever memorable Fourth of July, 1776, when their fathers issued, and signed, and plighted sacred, solemn vows, to maintain the declaration that "The United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown." And now, all aglow with patriotic fervor, born of and befitting the occasion, the American citizens of 1876, catching the lofty inspiration of that immortal "Declaration," will doubtless, on the centenary of the nation's birth, pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, to jealously guard the heritage bequeathed by noble sires, to transmit to their children the freedom inherited from the fathers of the Republic.

This is all as it should be, and the millions of Catholic citizens of these "free and independent States" will and should join most loyally and heartily in the universal acclaim with which the great centennial anniversary will be hailed throughout the land. None have a better right; none staked more to secure our independence; none love more ardently the freedom they enjoy; none have perhaps profited more by the liberty of conscience and equality of rights guaranteed to all; and none are more deeply interested in the preservation of free institutions.

Catholics must not, however, forget whence all those blessings flow; that "every good and perfect gift descends from the Father of light," the providence of God. Nations are not, any more than men, the creatures of chance; *there is a providence that shapes their ends*, and he must be blind who sees not the visible interposition and protecting providence of God in the achievement of American independence. To Him, then, on Independence Day, in hymns of praise and thanksgiving our grateful souls we raise, and it is eminently fitting that we celebrate the coming Fourth in a religious spirit and give solemn, public and sincere thanks to God for His manifold and great favors vouchsafed to us and our cherished country during the first century of our national existence; and fervently and piously implore a continuation of His special fatherly protection, an augmentation of His heavenly blessings for centuries to come.

Thus whilst satisfying the instincts of our Catholic hearts, we shall, too, fulfill the prediction of one of the greatest of those great

men who struggled for independence, and most eloquently pleaded for the adoption of the "Declaration,"—that the day of its adoption "would be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival, and be commemorated by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God, from one end of the continent to the other"—(JOHN ADAMS).

For these ends, then, Reverend Sir, to thank the Almighty for all the blessings bestowed on our country during the first century of her existence, and to beg that peace, union, Christian charity, love of justice, uprightness and truth may pervade all classes of society; that God may be known and worshipped, religion held in honor, revealed truth accepted and believed. God's holy law respected and obeyed throughout the land, you will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass at a suitable hour on the morning of the 4th prox., and if circumstances permit, have solemn Benediction with the most holy Sacrament, and chant the *Te Deum* after Mass, or in the evening. You will please to notify your people of these services, and urge their general attendance.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,

✠STEPHEN VINCENT,

Bishop of Buffalo.

Feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, A. D. 1876.

The foregoing letter speaks eloquently for itself. No commentary can add to the fervor and force of its patriotic spirit.

Nor is the appended official pronouncement penned in a less lofty strain; it was suggested by the centennial anniversary of President Washington's inauguration and breathes an elevated spirit of Christian patriotism:

BUFFALO, April 25th, 1889

REVEREND DEAR SIR:

You doubtless already know that on Tuesday, 30th inst., we commemorate a memorable event in the history of our country —the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of the first President of the United States. In looking over the records of this first century and recalling the memories of the men destined by a wise, overruling Providence to mould the character of our government, to foster the liberties and give direction to the free institutions of the young Republic, we have reason to be thankful and give praise and glory to God.

When we contrast a Washington, and the illustrious founders of our great Republic—men of deep religious convictions, men of broad, liberal minds, of genuine Christian instincts recognizing that the stability of governments and national prosperity rest on the morality of the people, and that public morality cannot exist in the exclusion of religious principles,—contrasting these men with the pigmy statesmen, pretended liberals and radical revolu-

tionists of other lands, denying God, enemies of Christian faith and all revealed religion, even in the name of liberty spurning all subjection to divine authority—we surely have reason to be proud of our revolutionary fathers, who left their impress on our institutions, and laid deep and solid the foundations of a genuine republic, enjoying and guaranteeing to its yearly multiplying millions civil and religious liberty—a republican constitution and form of government which we love and other nations well may study and imitate. For it is well for peoples and for nations to know and understand that "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it; unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain who keepeth it."

When, therefore, our present Chief Magistrate—the centennial successor of him, who, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was one hundred years ago inaugurated first President of these United States,—inheriting the spirit of our illustrious proto-President and exemplifying the religious characteristic of our American government and people, by official proclamation recommends: "That on Tuesday, April 30th, at the hour of nine o'clock in the morning, the people of the entire country repair to their respective places of divine worship, to ask the favor of God, that the blessings of liberty and prosperity and peace may abide with us as a people, and that His hand may lead us in the paths of righteousness and good deeds"—surely our Catholic people, who from motives of patriotism and religion, rejoice at every indication of a Christian spirit and a religious movement in our beloved country, will universally and heartily respond to the invitation.

You will please then, Rev. dear Sir, after suitable announcement to your people, have the holy sacrifice of the mass celebrated with all possible solemnity at 9 a. m , Tuesday, April 30th, in thanksgiving to God for the manifold blessings vouchsafed to us as a nation during the past century, praying that liberty and prosperity and peace may abide with us for centuries to come. It would also be desirable, where found convenient, to have in the evening of the same day Benediction of the most holy Sacrament and solemn *Te Deum laudamus.*

Yours respectfully,
✠S. V. RYAN,
Bishop of Buffalo.

Another occasion—a sad one—which called forth a feeling manifestation of Bishop Ryan's love of country, was the assassination of President Garfield. He was greatly shocked at the horrible happening and publicly exhorted his priests and people to petition heaven in behalf of the stricken president.

To quote the Bishop's own words, he "was grieved beyond

ST. BONAVENTURE'S SEMINARY AND COLLEGE. ALLEGANY, N. Y.

In charge of the Franciscan Fathers.

expression by the dastardly attempt on the life of the nation's chief magistrate, and alarmed at the possible consequences to the country at large and its free institutions, of a crime which outraged all our cherished notions of constitutional government, respect for authority, law and order, and which aimed a deadly blow at the very principles underlying our republican form of government." But he was "consoled, reassured and made even more hopeful of the Republic's future by the new revelation of the real character of the American people, which the crisis itself had brought out."

This was said while President Garfield's life hung in the balance and the hopes and fears of the nation alternated in the pendulum of uncertainty. But when, at last, the dreaded happened; when the shadow fell and the sad sea sobbed to the midnight winds as the brave heart of the nation's chief was stilled in death, Bishop Ryan profoundly sorrowed in unison with the American people, and left nothing undone to suitably mourn the public loss. He again officially addressed his flock, ordaining appropriate services throughout the diocese; while in his own cathedral the solemnity of the occasion was emphasized by the delivery of a discourse full of thought and fervor by the Bishop himself.

In the course of that discourse, after eulogizing the man who had been raised to the first position in the Republic by the choice of its free people, the Bishop exclaimed: "We feel prouder than ever of our country and countrymen, of our republican form of government and our free institutions; for we feel that the crisis through which we have passed has placed our country on a loftier pedestal, elevated it before the world, raised it to a higher plane, in which it will, I trust and fervently pray, continue for ages to move in the faithful discharge of its high providential mission to the nations and peoples of earth."

And again: "The great spectacle which the American people have presented to the world since that fatal July day when the hand of an assassin struck down the President, fills me with fresh hope, and opens before my delighted vision possibilities of a grand future and glorious destiny for our American Republic. The head of the nation is disabled, and for weeks and months hovering between life and death, yet not a shadow of disturbance throughout the land, not a sign of anarchy or disorder; no

lawless pronunciamento of an ambitious chief; no revolutionary uprising of disaffected masses; the wheels of government, as those of trade and commerce, move on quietly and regularly as before; hardly a thought or suspicion of danger; there is a sense of security based on the law-abiding liberty-loving people, trained by the very genius of their government to habits of self-restraint and self-government. But what is still more important, this very crime and this shock to the natural sensibilities have revealed more clearly the latent religious character of the country; for the people, from one end of the land to the other, turn in prayer to God, and seek aid and comfort and a way out of their dark distress from the Supreme Ruler who alone is able and willing to succor and to heal."

Perhaps, however, no more impressive instance of Bishop Ryan's patriotic heart could be given than the following beautiful invocation, delivered at the dedicatory services of the Robert Morris memorial, in Batavia, N. Y., October 13, 1894. The occasion was one of historic significance which justly attracted the attention of the country. The old headquarters of the Holland Land Company was thronged that day with distinguished visitors from near and far—among them six members of the President's Cabinet. These gentlemen were seated on the grand stand; and as the last of the brilliant pageant passed in review, the chairman of the general committee of arrangements introduced Bishop Ryan, who offered this dedicatory prayer:

In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost! Amen.

O Almighty and Eternal God and Sovereign Lord, from whom descends every best and perfect gift, whose Divine Providence "ruleth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly," to Thee we turn this day, with loving and adoring hearts, in accents of thanksgiving, gratitude and praise. Recalling the early struggles of our cherished country, now so prosperous through the length and breadth of her vast domain, so wealthy and abounding in its resources, then in the throes of national disaster and on the verge of financial ruin; how in this critical period of her history, Thou didst vouchsafe to raise up defenders, wise in counsel, financiers far-seeing, patriotic, loyal to humanity and freedom, who nobly responded to their country's cry for help, promptly came to the rescue and gloriously co-operated with the Father of his country, almost despondent at the head of his little band of heroes starving and well-nigh naked in a death struggle with mercenary foes, mostly emissaries of despotic

masters bent on stamping out the liberties of our nascent Republic, the hope of humanity and the promise of civilization to the coming ages—to Thee, then, O Almighty Lord and Ruler, in the presence of a monument recalling all these memories, thanksgiving and eternal praise. We beseech Thee to look down upon and graciously to bless this humble monument which to-day, after a full century, we dedicate to the memory of the illustrious Robert Morris, the true patriot and able financier whose ability, generosity and unselfish love of country so effectually and materially contributed to the successful issue of the war of the Revolution, thus bequeathing to us this our great American Republic which we hail and will ever acclaim as our own cherished land.

Thanks, too, and a grateful remembrance on this day to those distinguished men whose memories and names still linger round this spot, whose great means have been wisely utilized to replenish the nation's exchequer and secure homesteads for the early settlers. Vouchsafe likewise, we beseech thee, O bountiful and just God, to bless and perpetuate the free institutions of our glorious Republic; send down on all entrusted with the administration of government in all its departments, whether of national, state or municipal, Thy holy spirit of counsel and fear of the Lord, for the promotion of national happiness, union and peace, religion, sobriety, honesty and useful knowledge; and thus hand down through the ages unimpaired the blessings of equal rights, civil and religious liberty so wisely and deeply inlaid in the constitution as our fathers left it to us.

Lastly, we pray thee, God of justice and mercy, to bless these children grouped around this monument, reminding them of patriotic and heroic sires, that they may grow up in the knowledge and be sanctified in the observance of Thy holy law, under the nurture and discipline of the Lord, in peaceful and happy homes, educated in virtue and knowledge, as becomes citizens of the United States, able to transmit to future generations the heritage received from their fathers.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, come down upon us all, and remain with us forever and ever. Amen.

Referring to the Bishop's presence on the occasion, the Buffalo *Courier* said: "The venerable and beloved Bishop braved weather that would have caused a much younger and hardier man to shrink; and his expression of thanks for the past, appre-

ciation for the present, and hopes for the future was in every way what the occasion required."

MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT HOLY CROSS CEMETERY,
West Seneca, N Y.

Chapter XIII.

Obedience To and Love For the Holy See—Welcomed Rome's Representative, the Apostolic Delegate—The First to Suggest an Official Residence for Him.

IT seems almost a waste of words to speak of Bishop Ryan's devotion to the Church and her every interest. He loved her with all the energy of his soul, and to make her known and appreciated by the American people was the all-absorbing passion of his life. And loving the Church, as he did, he could not have been other than most obedient to her supreme earthly head, the Sovereign Pontiff. To Bishop Ryan the voice of Rome was the voice of God; and he recognized the acts and utterances of the Holy See, in matters concerning the Church, as ending all disputes—to be received with profound reverence by Catholic obedience.

It was in this spirit that he welcomed so heartily the proto-Apostolic Delegate to these shores and took so pronounced a part in honoring the person and mission of Mgr. Satolli. He was the first prelate to urge the propriety of procuring a suitable residence in the capital of the nation for the personal representative of Leo XIII.; and it is to the honor of the diocese of Buffalo that its action in this regard led all the rest.

In a pastoral letter addressed to the priests of the diocese on this matter, the Bishop embodied the instruction of the Propaganda relative to Mgr. Satolli's established mission; and indeed the closing paragraph of that instruction furnished a text for the Bishop's letter. Said the Propaganda: "While informing you of a most wise determination of His Holiness, we express a firm hope that you will diligently assist the distinguished man whom the Pastor of the whole Church has made Delegate among you in everything pertaining to your affairs."

Commenting on this paragraph, the Bishop pointed out that "this same declaration the Holy Father has, on more than one

ST. VINCENT'S FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM, BUFFALO.

In charge of the Sisters of Charity.

occasion, reiterated, investing his Delegate with his own authority and empowering him to act in his name in all ecclesiastical affairs that may be referred to him. Therefore we said that Mgr. Satolli would receive a hearty welcome from the Catholics of the United States; and nowhere would he be hailed more warmly, obeyed more religiously, and respected more sincerely than by the priests and people of Buffalo. The worthy representative of our illustrious and beloved Pontiff, a great admirer of our American Republic and its free institutions, is among us in accordance with 'the custom of the Church and the state and dignity which the Catholic religion has attained in America.' For 'growth has brought the Church in America to the stage of maturity in which it ought to be favored with those institutions with which the Church has flourished elsewhere'; and his presence and permanent appointment imposes the obligation on us of providing a fitting residence for him."

Indeed, Bishop Ryan had long recognized the necessity of having such a tribunal as the Apostolic Delegation established here. He believed that a tribunal of that character would mean law, justice, liberty and peace; that it would mean the speedy settlement of controversies at home, and not the hearing of cases four thousand miles away with all the old-time difficulties and proverbial tardiness. He believed the time had arrived for governing the Church in the United States according to her established canons, and not through individual caprice; for she was no longer a mere missionary Church swathed in the moth-eaten rags of a buried past; but a Church grown to maturity—"divinely tall and most divinely fair"—that should henceforth be clothed in the queenly splendor of her rightful inheritance.

Therefore Bishop Ryan rejoiced that the Apostolic Delegation was established here with the permanency of Rome's everlasting Rock. Therefore had he heartiest greetings for Mgr. Satolli—America's distinguished proto-Delegate—and words of love and praise for the peerless Pontiff who sent him.

Chapter XIV.

Episcopal Silver Jubilee—Great Joy in Buffalo—Illustrious Personages Present—Eloquent Archbishop Ryan—Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Satolli and Archbishop Ireland Speak—Loyalty and Love from Priests and People.

THE high regard in which Bishop Ryan was held throughout the land, but especially in the city of his home where he was best known, found emphasized expression on many occasions. The ovation he received at the hands of his fellow-citizens on his return from abroad in the spring of 1888 has been mentioned in a previous chapter. But the most magnificent of all the demonstrations gotten up in his honor was witnessed at the celebration of his episcopal silver jubilee, the 8th of November, 1893.

No laurel-crowned conqueror returning from victory was ever more proudly hailed, than was the humble jubilarian of that day by the citizen heart of Buffalo. The whole city was *en fete.* The joy bells rang out the gladness of the occasion; enthusiasm ruled every heart; and from the music of the children's greetings to the felicitations of stooping age, all was congratulation and joy.

Headed by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and the illustrious representative of the Supreme Pontiff, Archbishop Satolli, the flower of the American Episcopate came personally to felicitate a prelate whose golden character they had long learned to revere. The cathedral, radiant in jubilee joy, opened wide its doors to the rushing thousands; and when the music arose and the altars flashed their dazzling lights, and the prayerful incense wreathed the sanctuary, all hearts bowed in profound thanksgiving to the great Giver of every good gift for having vouchsafed to them the gladness and glory of such an event.

The jubilee mass was sung by the Apostolic Delegate; while the pulpit prince who, twenty-five years before, had preached at the consecration, discoursed again—now in fervid felicitation; closing a magnificent sermon with this tender peroration:

And now, Right Reverend Father in God, it remains for me to say but a parting word to you on this memorable, I may say historic occasion. In the presence here to-day of the Most Eminent Cardinal of the American Church, whom I know to be your friend and admirer, in the presence of the august representative and Apostolic Delegate of His Holiness, our most beloved Father Leo XIII.; and of your admirable Metropolitan the Archbishop of New York and of the prelates who have come in such numbers to manifest their love and admiration of your episcopal virtues; in presence of your beloved priests, religious orders, people and children, I congratulate you from the depth of my heart, on the record of a quarter of a century of work in God's holy service, in the episcopate of this diocese. Twenty-five years ago this morning it was my privilege to address you on occasion of your consecration, and I made certain promises regarding your future career, which I rejoice to say to-day have been more than fulfilled. And now, as the evening of both our life-days is upon us, and we should cry out with the disciples at Emaus to the great Bishop of our souls: "*Mane nobiscum, quoniam advesperascit*" —"remain with us, Lord, for the day is nearly past and the night is at hand,"—so your priests and people say to you "*Mane nobiscum*"—stay with us that our hearts may continue to burn within us as you speak by the way of life of the things of God. "*Mane nobiscum*" that we may continue to know our dear Lord in "the breaking of the bread until all shall be accomplished in the kingdom of our Father and our God."

At the end of the mass, while all were yet in the sanctuary, the late Mgr. Gleeson advanced to the Bishop and in the name of the diocesan priests read a feeling address of congratulation, handing to the venerable jubilarian, as he concluded, a check for ten thousand dollars.

After the religious services in the cathedral a banquet was given in St. Stephen's Hall to the distinguished prelates and all the clergy present. It was indeed a feast of intellect and of soul. The venerable jubilarian welcomed his guests in his well-remembered sincere and happy way; while the addresses delivered by the Cardinal, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ireland and Archbishop Walsh of Toronto left a fragrance "that breathes of them many a year."

The civic celebration was at Music Hall. It was there especially that the citizen heart of Buffalo throbbed in gladness and praise. The route from the Bishop's residence to the hall blazed in pyrotechnic splendor, and the vast edifice was packed as never before by men of Buffalo's representative worth.

SISTERS OF CHARITY HOSPITAL, BUFFALO.

Here an address of congratulation, on the part of the laity, was read to the Bishop by the distinguished physician, Dr. John Cronyn. Heartiest greetings were also offered to the Apostolic Delegate and to His Eminence the Cardinal. It is scarcely necessary to add that the eloquent replies of the prelates were the chief feature of the evening.

The Bishop spoke feelingly and to the point, dwelling especially upon the kindly relations that had existed between himself and his fellow-citizens during the past quarter of a century; and expressing the hope that they would always so continue.

Mgr. Satolli spoke as much by his fervid manner and gesticulation as by his eloquent tongue. He used the language of his own sunny land. He was frequently applauded; and at its close, his address was gracefully interpreted by Rev. Dr. Rooker, now of the Apostolic Delegation, Washington.

Great interest was manifested in the Cardinal's response. His voice, distinct and resonant, filled the large hall without the least effort. His diction was pure, his sentences incisive, his manner full of grace; while the earnestness that springs from the depths of an honest heart gave a singular impressiveness to his every word. The address of His Eminence created a profound impression. At its close there were loud calls for Archbishop Ireland; and, despite the lateness of the hour, the Bayard of the American Episcopate was introduced by Bishop Ryan and delivered a characteristic address.

Thus closed an ever-memorable day in Buffalo—a day honored by the presence of seven archbishops, twenty mitred prelates and numbers of distinguished priests from various parts of the United States and from Canada—a day which emphasized in an extraordinary manner the high place which Bishop Ryan held in the popular heart. His praise was then sounded in eloquence and song. The press paid glowing tributes to the breadth and beauty of his character. Gifts many and precious souvenired the celebration; and as a crowning glory to the day of joy came greeting and blessing from the heart of Leo XIII.

Chapter XV.

The Bishop's Mortal Illness—Grows Weaker and Receives the Last Sacraments—His Death—The Whole City Mourns—Colossal Funeral Procession—Lying in State.

WE come now to the last sad scene in the remarkable career we have been following—the death and funeral of Bishop Ryan. Never of a robust constitution, the aging years and increasing labors of a growing diocese began gradually to tell upon him.

It is true the old-time energy and remarkable will-power remained almost to the last; and his strength of purpose, which so often rose elastic from bodily ills, chafed in rebellion against the thought of permanent disability for work. But despite the most skilful medical attention and accompanying care, those around him could no longer hide from themselves the sad truth that the Bishop was rapidly declining; that indeed the beginning of the end was daily becoming more apparent.

Nevertheless, even in his feebleness he tried to be active; and so, last November, he journeyed to St. Louis to take part in the golden jubilee celebration of St. Vincent's Church, that city; and later, last January, he went to witness the investiture of Cardinal Satolli in Baltimore, and to be present on the following day at the opening of the McMahon Hall of the Catholic University of America in Washington.

The Bishop did not again leave Buffalo. The last public function he discharged was the blessing of the candles on February 2d, feast of the Purification. His final appearance at table with the priests of his household was on St. Patrick's Day. His last public address was delivered before the friends and patrons of the Working Boys' Home, on March 8th. The last time he celebrated the holy sacrifice of the mass was on the 25th of March, the feast of the Annunciation. How significant that his last mass should have been offered in honor of Our Lady, whom he always loved so fervently!

After this he gradually grew weaker, when it was deemed advisable to administer the last sacraments. He received extreme unction at the hands of the Vicar-General, on Good Friday, with most tender sentiments of devotion, making the responses to the prayers in a clear, collected voice. He also read in impressive tones the profession of faith prescribed for dying prelates. Thence onward he began to sink into the sleep of death until the end came, at ten minutes past six o'clock on Friday morning, April 10th, when his soul in blessed peace passed from earth.

The end came as a gradual falling into a sweet and blessed sleep, the fitting complement of a life so holy; and yet when the last sigh was breathed and the hush of death had sealed his lips, the shock was none the less severe to those who had watched so tenderly round his dying couch. Their long-controlled grief then found vent. The master of the household was taken away; the Church of Buffalo was widowed; the loving shepherd had fallen; the father and friend was gone forever; the music of his voice would be heard no more on earth; those kindly eyes were now rayless in the tomb; the Bishop was dead.

Rarely has prelate or public personage gone to the grave so universally and profoundly mourned as Stephen Vincent Ryan. The entire city and diocese of Buffalo has sorrowed over his tomb. Young and old, priest and layman, bewailed his loss. From near and far came messages of condolence from distinguished personages. The press of Buffalo and of other cities teemed with his eulogy. Never before was there witnessed in this community so vast or imposing a funeral procession as that which accompanied the remains from the episcopal residence to the cathedral. The whole city seemed to have turned out to honor the sad occasion; and as the hushed thousands for miles lined the broad avenue through which the immense procession passed, the solemnity of the scene impressed all hearts and the radiant sky looked down upon the face of the dead like the smile of God.

Honored in life, Bishop Ryan was supremely honored in death. Though stilled and cold in his folded vestments, the reverence for his name and virtues continued to attract the multitude. From the hour that his remains were placed in state before the cathedral altar, until the last absolution was chanted above them on the funeral morning, a constant stream of people of all creeds,

SEVEN DOLORS CHURCH, BUFFALO.

professions and conditions was continuously passing in through the great structure to take a last reverential look of the cold, white face of the dead. Hither they came, side by side, the young and the old, the millionaire and the beggar, the merchant and the laborer, the highborn lady and the toiling girl, the lawyer, the physician, and the artist, the judge of our courts and the public official, the Jewish rabbi and the Protestant divine—all actuated by but one motive,—to manifest their personal regard for the exalted character and virtues of the departed prelate.

When we consider, moreover, the many tender tributes that have been offered to Bishop Ryan's memory by leading Protestant tongues and pens of this city; the resolutions of condolence passed by several civic and professional bodies; and, above all, the sympathetic action taken by the Protestant Ministers' Association of Buffalo, representing forty congregations, embracing various denominations, we cannot but recognize the fact that indeed the man whose memory could evoke such widespread eulogy must have been one who had wondrously impressed this community by the example of his Christ-like life. Ah, yes! This is the precious heritage that Bishop Ryan bequeathes to the Church and people of Buffalo—that he was Christ-like in all his ways. This is the elevating thought that now illumines his tomb with rays of heavenly light, that brightens the falling tears for his loss, and that shall ever abide a sweet and blessed memory to the priests and people of this diocese.

Oh, there is a glory in such a life crowned by such a death! And our human sorrow should give place to spiritual exultation that we have known such a man; and, above all, that he has been our Bishop, our father, our friend. Those who knelt around his dying couch in the silent dawn, as he breathed his last sigh, realized that indeed they were witnessing the death of a saint—one who had kept the faith and finished his course, and who had awakened in a celestial morning to receive the promised crown.

No sooner was the death of Bishop Ryan announced, amid a wave of citizen sorrow, than preparations were begun for a public funeral befitting the prominence of the deceased and the solemnities of the occasion. And indeed such funeral pomp and melancholy magnificence were never before witnessed in Buffalo. Meetings of the various Catholic organizations in the city were

BISHOP RYAN'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

specially called to prepare for participation in the sad event; and those charged with the organization and direction of the colossal procession, and the other arrangements, were tireless in the activity and vigilance that ensure completeness and despatch.

Tuesday, April 14th, was the day assigned for the obsequies in the cathedral; and the procession which was to accompany the remains from the Bishop's late residence to the church was set down for Sunday afternoon. Meanwhile the body, robed in episcopal vestments, lay in life-like sleep in the Episcopal Residence. A silver plate on the casket bore the simple inscription:

Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, D. D., C. M.,
Born January 1, 1825.
Died April 10, 1896.

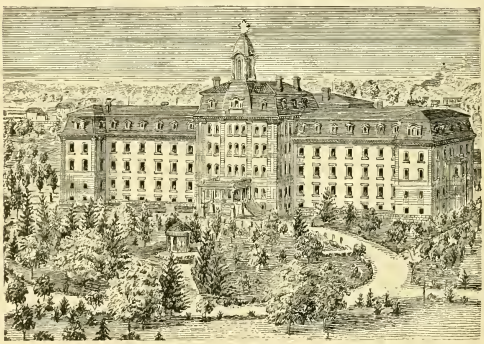
Long before the hour of three on Sunday, Delaware avenue and the surrounding streets were a throbbing mass of humanity; and it was found necessary to refuse further admission to the thronging thousands that wished to view the remains. Among those who had come early to the house of mourning were the faculty of the medical department of Niagara University, of which the deceased was chancellor; and Branch 20 C. M. B. A., which was privileged to act as special escort to the remains, because of the Bishop's membership in that body.

All being ready for the funeral procession, the pall-bearers were announced and Very Rev. James A. Lanigan proceeded to read the appointed prayers. The bearers were Rev. E. M. McDermott, Rev. Ferdinand Kolb, Very Rev. John Pitass, Rev. Thomas A. Donohue, Rev. M. P. Connery, Rev. Jeremiah J. McGrath, Rev. Joseph Fenger, Rev. Christopher O'Byrne, Rev. Daniel Walsh and Rev. Patrick Cronin.

The procession down Buffalo's most beautiful avenue was the marvel of all beholders both in its magnitude and in the military precision of its management. Fully twelve thousand men of various racial bloods and Pentecostal tongues, with mourning banners, joined in the hushed funeral pageant; while the line of march was crowded with reverent spectators, estimated by the city press as numbering about one hundred thousand people. No more glorious day ever came from the skies. Though the season was early April that radiant afternoon was golden-hearted June.

Arrived at the cathedral amid the tearful tolling of the bells and

the subdued sobbings of the great organ, the ceremony was of a brief and simple character. The remains were met at the door by the Very Rev. Father Lanigan and the attendant priests and with prayer and dirge borne to the catafalque before the high altar. Here the body lay in state in the draped cathedral, guarded by detachments of Knights of St. John until the funeral morning on Tuesday. Meanwhile the structure vast and dim was constantly thronged by the awed thousands who came to gaze with reverence on the face of the honored dead and to pray for the repose of his soul.



PROVIDENCE RETREAT, BUFFALO.

For care of the insane.
In charge of the Sisters of Charity.

Chapter XVI.

Funeral—The Great Edifice Packed—Distinguished Personages Present—Archbishop Corrigan Celebrant—Archbishop Ireland's Eloquent Eulogy—Beautiful Incident—The Five Absolutions—Tomb Sealed.

THE funeral morning broke tearfully in the skies as if in sympathy with the awakened sorrow in many hearts. Yet the early rain did not stay the steps of the rushing thousands that thronged round the cathedral doors hoping for admission. Meanwhile the prelates and priests from a distance, as well as the diocesan clergy, began to gather at the cathedral rectory; while the sacred edifice itself was being rapidly filled with fortunate ticket-holders. Among those for whom seats were reserved were the mayor and the leading city officials, a large number of Protestant clergymen who expressed a desire to be present, representatives of the bench, bar and medical professions, the superintendent of education, leading journalists, and indeed many prominent personages from other cities as well as from Buffalo When at last all were admitted that the spacious structure could hold, hundreds still thronged the streets around, eager to catch echo of the speaker's voice through the open windows, or listening to the dirge of the moaning organ.

Precisely at 9.30, when the great bells had ceased to toll, the assembled prelates and priests—numbering over three hundred—filed into the sanctuary and were shown to their assigned places. The office for the dead was then begun, Rev. E. F. Gibbons and Rev. J. J. Nash, D. D., being cantors; and, at the close of the chanted psalms and lessons so expressive of a blessed immortality, the Most Rev. Michael Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, accompanied by the attendant ministers of the mass, proceeded to sing the solemn requiem for the soul of his departed suffragan. Very Rev. James A. Lanigan, administrator of the diocese, was assistant priest; Very Rev. P. J. Cannon and Rev. Paul Hoelscher,

D. D., assistant deacons; Rev. James E. Quigley, D. D., deacon of the mass; Rev. N. A. Gibbons, sub-deacon; and Rev. James F. McGloin, assisted by Rev. James F. Mooney, acted as master of ceremonies. The low tones of Archbishop Corrigan's voice were pitched in a minor key of sadness that seemed to be in tender unison with the spirit of the melancholy surroundings.

Beside the Archbishop of New York there were present in the sanctuary Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, Archbishop Cleary of Kingston, Ont., and Bishop Mullen of Erie, Bishop McGovern of Harrisburg, Bishop Foley of Detroit, Bishop Tierney of Hartford, Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, Bishop Ludden of Syracuse, Bishop Burke of Albany, Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn, and Bishop McFaul of Trenton.

It is to be regretted that no register was kept of the priests present. It is computed, however, that fully three hundred of them attended the obsequies. They came from all parts of the country to show their affectionate regard for Bishop Ryan's memory. Many of them had received priestly ordination at his hands; all of them had known and revered him. In addition to the more than two hundred priests from the city and diocese of Buffalo alone, the following distinguished clergymen from other dioceses are recalled as having been present: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, Cleveland, O.; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kennedy, V. G., Syracuse, N. Y.; Very Rev. James McGill, C. M., Visitor Lazarists, Eastern province, Germantown, Pa.; Very Rev. Thomas Smith, C. M., Visitor Lazarists, Western province, Perryville, Mo.; Very Rev. W. C. Martin, Chancellor, Montreal, Que.; Very Rev. D. W. Kenrick, C. M., St. Louis, Mo.; Very Rev. J. M. Guillard, O. M. I., Provincial of the Oblates, Lowell, Mass.; Very Rev. J. J. Swift, V. G., Troy, N. Y.; Very Rev. P. V. Kavanagh, C. M., Baltimore, Md.; Very Rev. J. S. M. Lynch, Syracuse, N. Y.; Very Rev. J. A. Kiernan, Rochester, N. Y.; Revs. James N. Connelly, Archbishop's secretary, New York; P. Lamarche and F. Ryan, Toronto, Ont.; M. J. Henry, Castle Garden Mission, New York; Simon FitzSimons, Lima, N. Y.; John Codyre, Fairport, N. Y.; J. E. Goggin, New York; M. J. Salley, Port Jervis, N. Y.; M. A. Taylor, New York; Thomas Graham, Conneautville, O.; James H. Halpin, Herkimer, N. Y.;

Joseph S. Tiernan, Camden, N. Y.; George J. Eisler, Caledonia, N. Y.; Peter Cauley, Erie, Pa.; P. J. McCall, Fort Erie; J. J. Sheehy, Washington, D. C.; J. A. Trayling, Port Colborne, Ont.; James J. Dougherty, New York; W.V. Nolan, Sioux Falls, S. D.; R. A. Lennon, C. M., Emmittsburg, Md.; J. M. Dunn, Titusville, Pa.; Leo, O. S. F., Winsted, Conn.; M. O'Brien, Lowell, Mass.; W. Flannery, St. Thomas, Ont.; James McNally, Toronto, Ohio; W. A. Ryan, Utica, N. Y.; John J. L. Reilly, Schenectady, N. Y.; P. Corcoran, La Salette, Ont.; J. W. Hendrick, Livonia, N. Y.; J. J. Hayden, Gloversville, N. Y.; R. J. Storey, Brockport, N. Y.; L. A. Lambert, Scottsville, N. Y.; J. Boland, Hoboken, N. J.; George Meyer, Bayonne, N. J.; A. J. O'Connor, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. M. Smith, C. M., Chicago, Ill.

When the Archbishop of St. Paul went to the pulpit to speak at the funeral of his lamented friend before so vast and distinguished an audience, he must have been deeply impressed by the solemnity of the scene. The wail of the *Dies Iræ* had just died away. The very walls of the temple around him seemed gloomed in grief for the stricken shepherd whose voice would be heard there no more. Before him were the silent sorrowing thousands whose hearts went up to God in tearful supplication in the hour of their affliction. There in the sanctuary was the mourning vacant chair that, with honor, the deplored prelate had filled so long. And more eloquent than all—with the impressive eloquence of the tomb—there before the altar lay all that was mortal of Bishop Ryan in the sweet repose of hallowed death

The scene, the occasion, the career and character of his departed friend—all appealed to the sensibilities of the orator and gave him an eloquence of the heart far more inspiring than the most elaborate preparation could impart.

Weary from long travel, Archbishop Ireland arrived in Buffalo the very morning of the funeral. He had no manuscript and but little preparation of any kind. His splendid discourse was therefore entirely impromptu. His text was Revelations xiv., 13: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

A stenographic report of the sermon is here given:

From time to time, said the prelate, saints pass over the earth. God sends them to us that we may see visibly personified

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the altitude of holiness and virtue to which as Christians He would have us all aspire. We mourn to-day a saint who has just now passed away. The surest way to judge a saint to-day is by the universal popular acclaim of the multitude and their estimate of the influence of him whom they pronounce a saint. For centuries in God's Church this popular verdict was the sole base of canonization, and surely that popular acclaim is made manifest to-day in this your city of Buffalo. The ecclesiastics, Catholic and non-Catholic laymen here assembled, knowing of the life of Bishop Stephen Vincent Ryan and seeing to-day his mortal remains in this sanctuary—does not this audience say he was a saint? This is the exclamation of our souls this morning, perhaps in a more emphatic manner because his death brings before us in most intense concentration the bright virtues of his whole life—yet it is but what was always said during his whole career by those who came near to him and who knew him.

A saint, my dear brethren, is one who realizes in his own life the fullness of the Gospel of Christ Jesus. Christ came upon earth to put before us in His own person as far as humanity could reflect it, infinite goodness, infinite holiness, embodying the divine precept. As the Heavenly Father is worthy, so be ye also worthy! A saint is one in whom there abounds the divine grace which perfects and purifies and elevates the Church and all with whom he comes in contact. Saints there have been in all the Christian eras, else Christ's preaching would have been a failure. In all ages there have been saints, whose very touch seemed sacred, around whose brow were rays from heaven, from whose souls there went out the fragrance of heaven itself cheering the souls of weary exiles and facing them upward to their God. Saints reflecting more or less of divine holiness are met with throughout universal Christendom, and from time to time, for our better edification and encouragement, some are lifted up who are emphatically saints just as among the mountains from time to time we see bright peaks springing up toward the skies until they seem to touch the very heavens in their altitude.

We read in the pages of history of such saints and we of to-day perhaps are apt to think that saints belong to other ages. But to-day saints are still found living holy lives and preaching Christ's Gospel, and from time to time there appear among the faithful and devoted representatives of Christ on earth, conspicuous saints. Such an one was your departed Bishop of Buffalo, whose remains you see before you this morning. It were far better if some one should stand in this pulpit who had been in more constant contact with Bishop Ryan than it was my privilege to be, and who could speak more thoroughly of his virtues. Whatever I may say you will realize that much has been left unsaid, and less than I feel in my heart; but if love for the departed one gives fitness to speak at his funeral, then be mine the privilege to pay to the

memory of Bishop Ryan the tribute of gratitude for his friendship, and for his strong, undying love. I first met him so far back as 1862. I was then a newly-ordained priest. He came as a missionary to preach the retreat for the clergy in the distant diocese of St. Paul. He spoke to us as a saint. We all felt he was a saint. His words have never been forgotten and in the realization of my own sacerdotal duties I found them a precious help. The memory of the occasion and the example remained a benign influence. From time to time afterward I had occasion to meet him, and never did I leave him without feeling that in all he spoke and taught he was a saintly representative on earth of the Gospel of Christ Jesus.

There are saints in all states and conditions, who in the eyes of Almighty God are types of earth's highest development—faithful, God-fearing priests. We have had the soldier saint, we have had the toiling saint, the humble shepherdess, Genevieve, and the queenly Elizabeth; we have had Bishops Augustine and Athanasius and other saints, but there are peculiar states of life which call for a more vivid display of holiness not necessarily belonging to the conditions themselves but due to the individual. There are states of life to which souls, born as it were to holiness, are naturally attracted, and such was the case with him at whose bier we are now called upon to mourn. He was called to lead a life of prayer and self-denial, to give himself for Christ's sake to the service of others, a state which all the surroundings prepared for and invited—to this was Stephen Vincent Ryan called. I remember his telling me about his having been present at the consecration as bishop of the then venerable Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis. Soon after his ordination he was called to be a member of the congregation of St. Vincent, the mother-house of which at that time was at the Barrens. While there he was brought in contact with men remarkable for their intelligence, for their piety and simplicity of character, men who had come from Italy and France as missionaries to plant the faith in this remote southwestern territory. Always did he retain a vivid recollection of that experience and we now see how great but sound was the example of virtue. After he was ordained as a priest he was busy for a time in educational work, which he supervised with great wisdom and piety. Eight years after his holy mission he was chosen Superior-General or Visitor of the whole congregation of the Vincentian priests. Seldom indeed had one so young been chosen to fill so high and responsible an office.

For many years afterward he lived in the West, where he is still most fondly remembered. Oft and oft have I heard aged priests tell of his Christian virtues. I have heard students repeating words of wisdom that came from his devoted lips I have heard the people rejoicing in the memory of hearing him preach to them spiritual truths, which left a deep impression. They

loved to sit at the feet of Father Ryan, loved to feast their eyes on his saintly face as he bestowed upon them the bread from Heaven.

In 1868 he came to Buffalo your Bishop. The diocese of Buffalo had been established and carefully nurtured by one whose name is venerable, Bishop Timon, who had laid broad and deep the foundations of religion. And it was no small problem to find a man exactly fitted by character and by intellect to take up and carry forward the great work. The bishops of the country gave their votes for Stephen Vincent Ryan. Their choice was confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff, and since 1868 he has lived and labored among you, with what loving zeal and success you all know. What need for me to speak of him as your Bishop? Would it not be better, a thousand times better, to leave you to your own reflections—to the emotions which well up in your hearts at this moment? In the creation of a saint it should be borne in mind that they are of God. They are born, not made. Strong faith in Jesus is their distinguishing trait, nature adding to their brightness as dewdrops to the flower. The first thing to be said of Bishop Ryan is that he constantly sought to lead a life of true devotion. He united himself most intimately with Christ Jesus and His eternal truth.

Oh, you who have seen him kneeling in the sanctuary and standing before the altar, what need for me to speak of his Christian virtues! What a strong faith was his! It was so strong that the evidence of it went out from him in all he did and said! He was a man of prayer. For a period of four or five weeks some six years ago he remained as my guest in St. Paul seeking health. And how often when I wished to see or talk with him or to invite him to a walk, how often did I find him on his knees silently seeking the Blessed Sacrament! I noticed that prayer was with him a constant habit. Men saw and admired his divine purity of character, his angelic sweetness, his lovable disposition. And whence came this? He had learned it from the Saviour, who taught men how to pray; who when in the body prayed forty days and forty nights, forgetful of the gathering crowd around Him. Where there is no prayer there is no saint. Where a saint is there is sure to be prayer. From my own personal knowledge I can speak. On one occasion I was invited to preach the retreat to his own clergy in Buffalo. One of the subjects was prayer and meditation. The evening after that meditation he took occasion to tell me of his own deepest conviction of the need of prayer and meditation and he remarked that under God's grace it sustained him in all his conflicts. In all his trials, he said, he had never forgotten the lesson of daily meditation, learned in the seminary. He loved his God, and the God in him, the tender, delicate conscience, shrank from the mere approach of sin.

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I appeal to you, my beloved hearers, you who knew him so long and so intimately, could you ever imagine Bishop Ryan guilty of the smallest voluntary offense against his God? Ah, no! it is impossible. His was a spirit constantly nurtured by faith and prayer. He was ever the Christian gentleman, the devoted priest, the prudent bishop. Let us not yield for a moment to the false notion that the supernatural or Christian holiness tends to develop a sort of spiritual selfishness in man which would have us consider only our own spiritual interests. The life of the true saint is not of that type; it is imbued with the love of God for man, that love which has been manifested from our creation, the love displayed in the incarnation and redemption. The supernatural affects the natural, but Christ came not to destroy but to edify. There is not the smallest conflict between the supernatural and the natural. The supernatural presupposes the natural, and the more perfect the natural is to itself the broader is the field on which to build the supernatural. Bishop Ryan, so far as I have been able to learn from those who knew him in his early days, was prepared by nature to be a guide. He was naturally prepared of God for the work assigned him. In youth he consecrated himself to his Master, and opened his whole soul to the reception of the heavenly graces. Ever gentle by nature, his life was full of sweet self-sacrificing deeds. Of a kind and amiable disposition, his love for children and especially orphans was tender and touching. God's scrutinizing eye might select flaws which to human eyes were not discernible, but one might apply the microscope to the career of Bishop Ryan without detecting a flaw. What a grand life it was, extending over seventy or more years! You who have seen him here among his priests and spiritual children, know how he was ever patient, condescending and willing to forget himself for the good of others, yet firm as adamant in adherence to duty.

Who ever doubted Bishop Ryan's integrity? Those who might differ from his rulings were bound to concede that the integrity and sincerity of the judge were beyond question. His life was modeled after that of the Saviour. His appearance in the orphan asylums and hospitals was a ray of sunlight. He was ever making those conquests of the heart which are typical of true saintship. Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon conquered by force of arms. They conquered nations, but greater far were the conquests of Bishop Ryan, those conquests of the heart which were among the greatest victories of his life. A staunch child of the Catholic Church, he was ready to die for every iota of her teaching, and most submissive to our Supreme Pontiff, whose every wish was his law. His broad Christianity, kindness, and consideration were felt beyond the sphere of the Catholic Church. Beautiful evidences of this true Christian spirit have been given within the past few days, when numerous representations of

kindly sympathy were received from the Protestant clergy of Buffalo. In this manifestation they bear testimony to his virtues and pure Christian life. Beautiful in him who merited the testimony, and beautiful in them who gave it! And do we not in such facts see the coming rays of that approaching Christian unity which all hope for? Ah, brethren, great in the pulpit of to-day is the language of Christian charity as it was used by Bishop Ryan, and the generous recognition of it on the part of his non-Catholic brethren. Charity conquereth where argument ofttimes fails. Its place in the minister's mission cannot be overestimated. Let it be ours as Catholics and non-Catholics to labor for the accomplishment of the unity for which Christ prayed when on earth.

Bishop Ryan's life as priest and bishop was devoted to the good of others. He took as his spouse the diocese of Buffalo and every hour of the day he loved it, and sought to promote its spiritual growth. He spent himself for his people. The noble soul seeks a broad field. Great generals seek a great battlefield. Bishop Ryan's humility was conquered by the order of his superiors. He was lifted into the episcopate in order that a multitude of souls might be brought to Christ. Made to rule, his sense of justice was absolute. He was incapable of arbitrariness or petty rancor. He was ever moved to ask: What is it that is right? What is it that God wishes me to do? The condition of the diocese of Buffalo tells the tale. No doubt the foundations were well laid by his predecessor, Bishop Timon. Blessed be your Timon and blessed be your Ryan and blessed be their successor! Bishop Ryan adopted at once as his own the plans of Bishop Timon. Wisely did he continue that structure over the well-laid foundations, expanding, widening and adding to them until we see them as they are to-day. The priesthood of the diocese is double in numbers what it was in 1867 when Buffalo and Rochester were divided. There were then some 105 priests in this diocese; to-day I believe they number over 200, and among the clergy in America they are distinguished by fidelity to their high calling. Look at your religious communities raised by his fostering care, asylums and hospitals fully equipped for their work, schools with all the methods and appliances for imparting to youth a Christian education! This devoted care of the little ones is another evidence of the Christ-like work of your departed Bishop, whose love took in all.

He was also a true American citizen, and I want to emphasize that. Why should he not be a good and true citizen? Why should he not be among the very foremost citizens of this city, this state, this country? The work of building the character of the individual, the family, society, is largely dependent upon the proper infusion of Christ's principles. The ecclesiastic who can wrap himself up in his own thoughts or his own spiritual inter-

ests so as not to see the broad world around him does not understand the mission of the Church and the duties which Christians owe to their times. Bishop Ryan never forgot his citizenship. Was there any movement of morality, temperance, Sunday observance, good government or pure citizenship for the benefit of which his voice did not go out? But why talk at length on matters with which you are all familiar. He loved his country, loved her free institutions, loved her broad democracy which is nothing else but a great broad brotherhood of man, the doctrine preached by Christ. Bishop Ryan approved of every aspiration of men to make this world better. This world is God's world as well as the next, and the better this world is the easier to get to the unseen world. The better this world becomes the higher will be the footstool on which men stand when they wish to reach out their hands to touch the stars. This was Bishop Ryan's ideal. It is my conviction and it is yours that he was not only a good citizen but a loyal and warm-hearted American.

In a few moments his mortal remains will be carried away to their last resting place. Is this a gathering of sadness and despair, or one of exultant rejoicing? He is dead; his soul has gone to its reward, his work is done. Of him may it well be said: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" Some believe all is over when death comes, when earthly possessions melt away, when the palaces of pleasure and beauty disappear from our earthly view. If that were true the scene here this morning would be one of unutterable despair. Thank God for the blessed hope and aspiration of our Christian faith which teach us that it is not so. Without hope for the future life the creation itself would be a mockery. The philosopher's theory that mankind is here to toil and suffer with no future but solely for the betterment of the race is mockery.

The race is all right, but there is a God. There is a supernatural and a natural. Christ proved it by His miracles and resurrection. The Christian hope shines through our sorrow, dries up our tears and enables the most miserable to bear and endure. It was for this hope of God and the future life that Bishop Ryan strove. His reward will be "Well done, good and faithful servant." That message more than the message of monarch or potentate brings cheer and hope to the human soul. More eloquent than he ever was in the pulpit is Bishop Ryan now. He will continue to preach more effectively than ever. The lesson he will bring home to us will be, "Look after the good of all; lead pure and holy lives, love God, do good, and above all things else seek the reward which He gives." If he were to speak to us now he would say, "Ah, you say you love me. Prove it by being good holy Christian men and women." Let no one go hence without feeling resolved to be more Christ-like in thought, in word, and in heart. Let no one go hence without feeling

that he is nearer to God for having been nearer to Bishop Ryan.

And now shall I say farewell? We say it in sadness for our departed ones. For my own part, in years to come, when the word Buffalo is mentioned it will arouse kindly feelings, but it will be Buffalo without Bishop Ryan, and I am sure you, my friends, will as I do bid a most loving and affectionate farewell. For a little while, then, be it so but only for a little while. Soon we shall meet again. We all feel that life is shortening. The shades of eventide are fast descending upon us all. It will not be long before we meet again. Oh, let us live according to his teaching, so that at our going some one may say, in all truthfulness, while the Great Master approves: "How blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their work shall follow them." Good bye, farewell, dear Bishop Ryan, may thy spirit rest in peace!

Archbishop Ireland's masterly discourse, so full of tenderness and pathos, made a profound impression on the thousands who so reverently heard him. Heart spoke to heart; for the words of the orator came from the heart, and went to the hearts of all. A soul-current of sympathy united speaker and audience.

In one of the most impressive parts of the sermon, which specially emphasized the charity and holiness of Bishop Ryan's life, the glorious sun, so typical of life and joy, pierced the clouds and mists of the day; and, illuming the storied windows with golden rays, shone resplendent, for a moment, on the pectoral cross and face of the speaker. It was a beautiful incident, noticed by all, and possibly suggestive to many of symbolic meaning.

At the close of the mass the five absolutions were imparted, according to the solemnities of the ritual, by Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, Archbishop Cleary of Kingston, Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, Bishop Ludden of Syracuse and Archbishop Corrigan of New York. Then all was over; and, a little later, the coffin was lowered through the sanctuary floor to the crypt beneath. There in the sealed tomb, beside the remains of Bishop Timon and Mgr. Gleeson, all that was mortal of Stephen Vincent Ryan reposes in peace.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, BUFFALO.

Beneath its high altar repose the remains of Bishop Timon and Bishop Ryan.

Chapter XVII.

Literary Taste—Good Linguist—Liked the Ciceronian Period—Style Diffuse and Ornate—Varied Reading and Facile Pen.

OF Bishop Ryan's literary taste and culture much might be said. During his long college career as pupil, professor, prefect and president, he necessarily breathed a scholastic atmosphere; and with his studious habits and tendencies, could not help acquiring varied accomplishments and wide scholarship.

Besides the classic tongues of Greece and Rome, which for years he had studied and taught, he knew German and French well and had a reading knowledge of Italian. In English he was an adept. He knew it thoroughly—critically—with all its niceties of verbal meaning, delicate shadings of expression and gracefulness of phrase.

During the first ten years of his priestly life, he rarely went to the pulpit without elaborate written preparation. Indeed, this habit was never wholly abandoned. There was, therefore, a cogency and finish in his discourses that proved an intellectual charm as well as a spiritual delight; and that brought forth precious fruit in the nurtured soil of the soul.

His style was diffuse with a tendency toward the ornate. He revelled in the Ciceronian period; often wandering from the direct path to illustrate or embellish his theme with a wayside flower or relevant allusion. But the main thought was not forgotten. He always returned to it; and it was only dismissed when satisfactorily amplified in sonorous sentence.

Ere illness and years made his pen hesitant, Bishop Ryan wrote with amazing accuracy and ease. His reading was constant and comprehensive—covering a wide range of subjects; and his memory a conserving storehouse of information ever ready to supply almost any demand.

The pastorals and pamphlets on various themes that often came hastily from his pen are an evidence of his fluent brilliancy. The

paper on "Early Lazarist Missions" is especially one of sparkling interest; while his discussion with the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York—Dr. Coxe—on Anglican ordinations shows a thoroughness of familiarity with the question at once a delight to the logician and historian. The published work—"The Validity of Anglican Orders Disproved"—as a result of that controversy will, doubtless, prove an enduring monument of Bishop Ryan's literary fame. The book has had wide circulation; and its publication was hailed by the first scholars in Europe and America.

HOLY ANGELS CHURCH AND SCHOOL, BUFFALO.
In charge of the Oblate Fathers.

HOLY ANGELS COLLEGE, BUFFALO.

In charge of the Oblate Fathers.

Chapter XVIII.

Analysis of His Character—Opposites Harmonized—Conquered Himself Like St. Francis de Sales—Charity His Conspicuous Virtue—The Aged Poor and the Orphans—His Priests the Apple of His Eye.

WHILE leaving to other pens, mostly Protestant and secular, the larger portraiture of Bishop Ryan's character, yet, now that the tomb is sealed above his lifeless form, the present writer cannot withhold a few shadowy outlines of its leading traits as pictured in his own mind and heart.

The foundations of his mental and moral structure were laid by nature with gentle and generous hand; while the ingredients, of rare quality, were admirably tempered with the sunlight and the shower. Resting on foundation so favorable, no marvel that the supernatural, so sweetly attuned to all the harmonies, builded loftily toward the stars; that the structure was vast and fair, within whose confines the weary and disconsolate found solace and rest; whose tapering turrets, reaching "the lofty ether dim," were the admiration of men and an aspiration to the skies.

Speaking less metaphorically, Bishop Ryan's character was among the most balanced and exalted the writer has ever known. Kindly nature, like a fairy godmother, was lavish with her gifts; while the spiritual realm of his inner life where he communed alone with God was the mysterious source of his power and the inspiration of his achievements.

Many harmonized opposites were discoverable in his mental and moral attributes. He was cautious yet courageous, gentle but strong, fiery still meek. Irascible by nature, like St. Francis de Sales, so thoroughly had he conquered himself that he succeeded in acquiring the contrary virtue. He knew how to govern because he had learned to obey. He was a man of remarkable deliberation, never acting on impulse. There was no room for meanness in his great heart, and littleness in others he detested.

Direct of purpose and frank in speech himself, he was impatient of duplicity in others. The fault acknowledged was already forgiven. He loved regularity and his manner of life was always methodical to a degree. Ordinarily tender as a child, he could be stern as a frowning rock when there was question of principle or duty. Naturally undemonstrative and retiring, to those who did not know him he seemed distant and cold. But beneath that silent reserve there glowed a loving and tender soul; under that frozen surface throbbed a heart of "fire and dew."

Were the writer asked to name the one trait that, more than any other, distinguished and glorified Bishop Ryan's life, he would, without hesitation, say *Charity—Charity!* Oh, the charity of that tender, forgiving heart! Who can measure its height, its depth, its length, its breadth! The innumerable cases of distress all over the country that he relieved in secret are known only to God and the angels. The aged poor and the helpless orphans were special objects of his solicitude. His fatherly heart went out in tenderness to all his flock, especially to the little children in whose innocent eyes he saw mirrored the purity of heaven. How he blessed them and prayed that they might always remain the joy of their Christian homes!

But above all, Bishop Ryan loved his priests. They were the very apple of his eye. They came to him alike in their gladness and their grief; for well they knew that their confidences with him were sacred. Whithersoever he journeyed over land or sea he carried them in his heart. Many of them he had known since they were little boys; most of them he ordained; with all of them he sympathized in their hardships and their trials. And when sometimes, more in sorrow than in anger, he found it necessary to be stern in rebuke, mercy stayed the uplifted hand that official duty had raised to strike. He remembered the Master's words to Peter: not seven times but seventy times seven must the offending brother be forgiven.

Such Christ-like charity can never be forgotten! Bishop Ryan is not dead. It is true that his mortal part, folded in vestments, is entombed in cathedral shrine. But he lives and will continue to live in the hearts of his priests and people. His life will ever be to both an uplifting inspiration; and his remembered words will often come to them, especially in moments of sorrow and care, to guide, to comfort and to bless.

LAST PORTRAIT OF BISHOP RYAN.

Made in February, 1896.

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE AND CHAPEL, BUFFALO.

APPENDIX.

Protestant and Secular Tributes Paid to Bishop Ryan's Memory.

BISHOP Ryan was appreciated not only as a great spiritual leader but as an ideal citizen also, who stood for all that was elevating and pure in public as well as private life; whose exalted character exercised a manifold influence for the public good. Therefore the general citizen sorrow at his demise, and the eloquent tributes of the press, and the eulogies of the Protestant clergy, and the drooping of flags and the adjournment of courts of justice—and the other manifestations of public respect on the day of his funeral.

From those Protestant and secular tributes to his memory the following are selected:

"Wherever He Went the Love of Thousands Followed Him."

From the Buffalo Enquirer, April 10.

There are good men of fibre so rugged and of disposition so perverse, that even after the spirit of religion has taken possession of them, it has to maintain the mastery, as it were, by watchful effort, and can bend the stubborn character to faith, hope, charity and self-sacrifice only through constant struggle. The divine and the human seem to clash; and though the former may become supreme the scars of the contest remain. But when nature formed Stephen Vincent Ryan, she wrought softly and lovingly, making him so gentle, so sympathetic, so full of sweet conditions, so eager for what is good and pure and true, that when the spirit of religion came no struggle for the mastery was needed, but a happy fellowship—a guiding touch, a shaping influence that rounded gentleness into self-sacrifice, sympathy into Christian charity, and the instinct toward noble ideals into Christian faith in God and hope for man. The mission of divine grace was easy, and its accomplishment beautiful.

In boyhood and youth he could have been nothing less than a blessing in the life of the family—a comfort and a pleasure to the loving friends about him.

As a priest he was zealous in the care of souls, wise in guid-

ance, eloquent in appeal. Perhaps no one who has not heard him in his missionary work can quite understand the peculiar quality of his religious fervor. In every tone and gesture there was manifest his intense yearning for the good of the people with whom he labored, his ardent eagerness for the glory of the God he served. Those who listened recognized at once the sincerity of the man, and bent before it. He spoke clearly and powerfully; but in utter self-forgetfulness, and never consciously uttered a word or raised a finger for display. Some of his associates might command more admiration, but wherever he went the love of thousands followed him.

As a bishop he conducted the affairs of a great diocese simply and wisely, exerting his ecclesiastical authority for the good of the people, ruling his priests through affection not less than power, and seeking in no wise to make the trust committed to him a personal honor or a source of personal gratification. . . . . In Bishop Ryan the instinct toward domination was lacking; he stooped to no lower consideration than that of episcopal duty; he recognized no standard but justice tempered with mercy; he was like a spiritual father to his priests and people, and he would have scorned to pose as their master. He never shrank from responsibility nor shunned contest where either was necessary; but his reign was distinctly one of peace and love.

As a citizen he was plain and unpretentious, seeking always what seemed best for the community, and while willing to throw the weight of his personal character into any good cause, yet always cautious not to involve in secular affairs, through any action of his, the Church that he represented.

A simple, honest, strenuous and noble life has come to a close after scattering many beneficent influences on its way; and a pure soul has entered into eternal rest.

"His Death a Loss to the Whole Community."

From the Buffalo News, April 10.

Stephen Vincent Ryan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Buffalo, died at his residence on Delaware avenue early this morning. The news of his end was not unexpected. Nevertheless it brings a shock such as the death of a leader of men, a chieftain in a work dear to the hearts of thousands, must always cause. To a very large section of the community in this city and in Western New York, Bishop Ryan, stood in the relation of a spiritual father, consoler and tender friend. To all the community he stood as the prudent head of a great organization devoted to the best interests of mankind, a conservator of morals and of spiritual life and a representative of the unseen influences which dominate human lives for good.

It is to be taken for granted that a spiritual leader has a devout mind, high ideals of duty and of public and private ethics—that his heart is open to the troubles of the multitude who look to religion to mend their heartaches; that he should be courageous in holding up a standard of thought and living constantly at war with the materialism of growing luxury in an impatient and self-indulgent age. Bishop Ryan in his long career filled all these expectations. But he was something more than a devotee and an idealist. He was an able and level-headed business man. The history of his diocese shows this. The Church, like every other organization on earth, must be managed. It rests on business principles and operates within legal bounds. Bishop Ryan has always surrounded himself with careful advisers and in all transactions incident to so vast a business enterprise as this diocese must be, prudence and foresight were evident. The prosperity of the diocese is a testimony in the Bishop's honor not to be lightly regarded in summing up the services he has rendered his generation. . . .

In all public movements where the sympathies of religious men could be effectively used to strengthen the hands of the friends of good government, Bishop Ryan has done a good citizen's part, and in this and other ways has done much to break down the barriers of prejudice between Christians. All classes recognized in him a good man and all will realize in his death a loss to the whole community.

"Prodigal in His Charity."

From the Buffalo Courier, April 10.

Nearly twenty-eight years a Bishop! Forty-five years of consecrated labor in the vineyard of the Lord. . . . Modesty and charity were the late Bishop's predominating traits of character. . . .

Bishop Ryan was lavish, prodigal indeed, in his charity. The world knew naught of this, for he never permitted his left hand to know what his right hand was doing. No one in want was ever turned away by Bishop Ryan.

Profoundly imbued with patriotism, Bishop Ryan had the utmost confidence in the future welfare of the nation. He could see little to fear within the Union and was not afraid of outside foes.

The children of the diocese were his especial care. To them he was as a father, and his earnest instructions to the little ones at confirmation and other times were always filled with tender counsel and sound advice.

His private life was of the simplest nature. Until within a short time it was his practice to arise daily in time to say mass at six

ST. JOHN'S PROTECTORY, West Seneca, N. Y.

Rev. Nelson H. Baker, Superintendent.

ST. JOSEPH'S BOYS' ORPHAN ASYLUM, West Seneca, N. Y.

In charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

o'clock, and before his removal to his Delaware avenue residence he took his place in the confessional, remaining there for hours at a time.

Beloved by priest and layman, by Catholic and Protestant, after a life filled with good works, he is no more of earth. His people kneeling at his bier may well mourn, but not for him. He has gone to his reward—the great reward of the just man made perfect. Nothing can tarnish his honored name. His character stands out to be admired by all men. His active labors have ceased. His teaching and example remain to guide others. Charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude, love of peace were among his characteristic qualities. He was incapable of envy. To his friends he was faithful, loyal, to his opponents magnanimous; his enemies he was always willing to forgive; he illustrated by his daily walk and conversation, without ostentation, the life of a Christian man.

"A Great and Good Man."

From the Buffalo Sunday News, April 12.

That "peace hath her victories not less renowned than war" is manifested now and then when a man who has been great in beneficial service to his kind passes away. The honors paid to the memory of Bishop Stephen Vincent Ryan, if less spectacular in character than those bestowed on a great soldier or political leader, are more significant. They show that goodness has a claim on the hearts of men which they recognize when a simple, true man ends his life of service and love. . . .

Only when the death of a great, good man interrupts somewhere the ceaseless flow of good influences among men are they recognized in their potency and their real importance in life. The air and the sunlight, without which we could not live, are not more vital to physical nature than the upbuilding and nourishing forces of religion and family affections to the social life that crowns history in the latest and best days of the world.

And so it is that we find all ranks and kinds of men, of all creeds and persuasions, giving their tribute of love and respect at the grave of a man like Bishop Ryan, who devoted his life to the nurture of the good things in men, and in the simplicity of a clean, upright soul sought no eclat for himself and held power modestly to the last.

They are not all churchmen who are saying kindly and reverent things of the good man dead. They are all sorts and conditions of men—many of them allied to other forms of religious organization, but quick to see the dignity of such a character and the beneficent influence of the life he led. The lessons of such a man's life are not often read of all men, but they preach a

better sermon than any living man's tongue can utter, for in it example has crystallized precept and made its admonitions as lasting as human memory.

"A Loss to Catholic and Non-Catholic Alike."

From the Buffalo Times, April 10.

To Catholic and to Protestant, to priest and to layman, to the rich in the world's goods and to the poor, to the calm and to the troubled alike comes the news of the loss of a friend who was a friend. Not only has the Bishop of the diocese of Buffalo died, but there has passed into the untroubled sleep a man, who, if ever man was loved, it was Stephen Vincent Ryan. The God who gives us such men has taken him away, and we can only remember his gentleness, his modesty, his charity, his simplicity, as we do those moments when we look from some lofty mountain peak, across great, unending deserts of snow, where there is no sound—only silence—and know that we are very close to the hand of the Almighty.

It is the stories of such lives as his which come to us too rarely. His was the life which translates to earth the story of the Divine Christ as nearly as is ever given to man to translate it. He was incapable of envy. His patience was never-ending. His capacity for forgiveness was illimitable, and his charity was not that which came with sounding brass and tinkling cymbal but was silent, unobtrusive, unknown to all save those whom his gentle hand touched.

To everyone who came within the influence of his life must come the deepest sorrow, but a sorrow tempered with the thankfulness that he lived and that his life was one which taught peace and good will and justice—the virtues we strive for, but fail in the achieving.

Rest to his gentle soul, and peace.

"His Memory Will Long be Precious."

From the Buffalo Courier, April 11.

In a message to Chancellor Sheahan with reference to the death of Bishop Ryan, Cardinal Gibbons says: "The diocese of Buffalo and the Church of America have suffered a great loss." The loss is, indeed, great—a loss that is profoundly felt by this community. On every hand are heard expressions of grief and regret. On every hand are heard impressive tributes testifying to the love and reverence of the people for the departed Bishop. . . .

For over a quarter of a century Bishop Ryan's influence throughout this diocese was very great. And how wisely, how

tactfully, how firmly was it exerted! Even apart from his personal activity, the influence of his character alone was extraordinary and immeasurable. In the life of the city it was constantly felt—a force making for the welfare of the people, for law and order and the uplifting of the community. It was a far-reaching, conservative force guided by wisdom and a singularly clear appreciation of the most effective methods of attaining desired results.

Bishop Ryan was strong in his simplicity; he was strong in his sincerity; he was strong in his gentleness, strong in his broadmindedness, strong in his serenity of spirit. He lived a noble life, and the memory of his character and beneficent work will long be precious in the minds of this people.

"The Entire Community Will Feel a Keen Sense of Loss."

From the Buffalo Commercial, April 10.

The readers of the *Commercial* were not unprepared for the sad intelligence of the death of Bishop Ryan. The reports from his bedside were discouraging from the start, and yesterday the definite announcement came that the medical men had given up hope.

The entire community will feel a keen sense of loss at the passing away of this good man, upright citizen, and Christian bishop. He was of such a kindly, gentle nature, and had lived among us so long, that all classes knew him, respected him and loved him. By the members of his own very large flock, which includes many nationalities of American citizenship, he was regarded with reverence and warm filial affection. He was a ruler in the fear of God; an able administrator; but, above all, he was the father of his people, the loving shepherd of his sheep. . . .

The work-time of the second Bishop of Buffalo was long and arduous, but it is now finished, and he rests from his labors.

> "O weary champion of the Cross, lie still;
> Sleep thou at length the all-embracing sleep;
> Long was thy sowing day, rest now and reap;
> Thy fast was long, feast now thy spirit's fill.
> Yea, take thy fill of love, because thy will
> Chose love not in the shallows but the deep."

"He Went About Doing Good."

From the Buffalo Express, April 11.

Stephen Vincent Ryan was a worthy successor to the great Bishop Timon. Perhaps the second Catholic Bishop of Buffalo never so endeared himself to the Protestant element in the community as did his predecessor, the founder of the diocese. He was

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, CONVENT AND SCHOOL, ELMIRA, N. Y.

a shyer and less social man. But he had the respect and the confidence of all classes in his own denomination and of the broader-minded men in all denominations. He administered his high office without reproach and with marked success. Rome never had a more faithful steward.

Bishop Ryan is generally spoken of chiefly as an able administrator. He was also, in point of fact, an eloquent preacher and a profound theologian. His mind was richly stored with the learning of his Church. He had served her in many countries and had added much knowledge of men and affairs to his accumulation of book-lore. . . . He left large liberty of conscience to his priests and laymen. He did his duty as a citizen. He was interested in all movements for the public good. His death is an occasion of general regret.

"A Strong and Stately Soul."

From the Elmira Telegram, April 12.

The world has lost a man. His path he strewed
With gentle kindness and words of grace.
From all degrees of men his open face
Won high regard or earnest gratitude.
With sturdy honesty and truth imbued,
His soul was written on his countenance,
And all might read him at a casual glance,
As on a world-wide pedestal he stood.

A strong and stately soul was transferred to a more spiritual and congenial sphere when the Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan breathed his last on Friday morning. Bishop of the diocese of Buffalo for over a quarter of a century, he devoted himself to the duties of his sacred office with intelligence, earnestness and affection, manifesting a benevolence so broad and active, and a spirit so self-sacrificing that his name became revered wherever it was known. It pleases the Divine Teacher to give to men once in a while an object-lesson in beautiful living. In every age He has set before them saintly characters to demonstrate to what perfection men may attain. Such a life has just ended; and it is the highest tribute to Bishop Ryan's worth that there is nothing sectarian in the grief evoked by his loss. All sects discerned in him a valiant churchman, and all deplore his departure to his well-earned rest, as a loss to religion and humanity. Grandly has he done his part! In every aspect his was a beautiful life, a benediction to mankind and an acquisition to heaven. The psalmist has said,

The Lord doth rejoice
In the death of his saints.

Richly endowed by nature, through constant and cheerful ministrations in a populous diocese, Bishop Ryan served religion and

society, brightening the lives and stimulating the fate of thousands. Dignified and scholarly in the pulpit, indefatigable in the discharge of his episcopal duties, he led an ideal life. As a pulpit orator, who that ever heard him can forget the delicious music of his voice or the delightful roll and cadence of his language? Among all the accomplished and brilliant men in the Roman hierarchy, in this country, no one brought to the episcopal throne a more sincere, earnest and faithful spirit. His heart was ever open to humanity, and the dignity and beauty of his life as man, priest, missionary, teacher and bishop, will long remain a treasure to his Church and people. Honor to his memory, and peace, forever, to his manly and generous soul! The influence of such a gentle and godly man, consecrated to the cause of Christ and humanity, no mortal can measure. It has been said that

> He who loves his fellow-men the most
> His name on heaven's immortal scroll leads all the rest;

and measured by this standard, the name of Stephen Vincent Ryan will shine with splendor and preeminence in Paradise.

Bishop Ryan had a great heart, and its sympathies were beautifully bestowed upon the sinful, the sorrowing and the suffering. His was a life of high duty and noble abnegation; his character as immaculate as his calling. Many hearts are stricken at the loss of the wise and true friend, who esteemed it his highest privilege to bestow the blessing and to break the Bread of the Master to all that hungered. Manfully he earned a respite from his labors; in triumph he responded to the summons, "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Bishop Ryan was a good man. As his years multiplied and his nature ripened and mellowed, he became to the multitude who revered him a saintly man; and there was that in his bearing and address which inspired the profoundest love and confidence. An illustration of the feeling entertained for him was the remarkable demonstration two years ago last November on the occasion of the "silver anniversary" of his consecration as bishop of the diocese of Buffalo. From far and wide came testimonials of affectionate and appreciative remembrance. All this was the spontaneous outburst of a popular sentiment, which found expression in a tribute as extraordinary as it was merited. Of boundless charity in thought and act, no one ever heard Bishop Ryan speak ill of others, though he may have had his differences of opinion, as was inevitable with his strong individuality. He was tolerant, patient, forbearing. Deeds without number indicating his generous, unselfish regard for his fellow-man, might be recounted by those who were his beneficiaries; but they were never revealed through his telling them. How many a saddened soul has been ministered to by him; what gifts most helpful and timely he has given; what aid to the young and struggling he has

extended, only the Keeper of all secrets knows. With his modesty he was one of those who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." His life was a round of simplicity, charity and devotion.

For his own chosen work, that of religious guide and teacher, he was fitted by rare gifts of nature, and therein he found sublime content. To preach to his people; to "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;" to conduct the imposing ritual of his Church, which under his influence seemed to take on an especially spiritual significance, were the joys of his life. He loved bright flowers, grand devotional music, sweet trained voices, dignified, befitting forms—ever bringing to God the best at his command—and the ceremonies in which he took part always appealed at once to the eye, the ear and the heart.

But he is gone!

Brave prophet of the ever-living Word,
To whom was given the vision clear of Right,
And Truth, and Liberty, and speech of might,
Wherewith to show to men, thine own accord
With all the spirit of thy loving Lord—
Thy voice is silent now; and from our sight
Thou art withdrawn into the cloudless light,
Where joys complete to thee the heavens afford.

Thou wast a man in whom all manliness
Of strength was matched with gentleness and grace;
Thy thoughts were living breaths of sacred fire;
Thy words were martial notes to make men face
The call of Duty stern, and reinspire
Their fainting hearts with Truth and Righteousness.

There is mourning sincere and heartfelt! His kindly face will be seen no more on earth. He has entered into his reward, a change only from time to eternity, a passing from mortality to a glorious immortality—the blessedness which awaits the righteous. Of none of those that have gone before it could be said more appropriately:

There is no death; what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

"An American Citizen of Undoubted Patriotism."

From the Chicago Chronicle.

Bishop Stephen Vincent Ryan, who died at Buffalo, was a Catholic divine and scholar who has rendered distinguished services to the Church of which he was a member and to the general public. He was of Canadian birth, but had lived in the United States from childhood. He was often employed in the important

missions through which the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States and Europe were involved. He was a ripe scholar, and a genial and upright gentleman and an American citizen of undoubted patriotism.

"A Master Mind."

From the Baltimore World.

In the death of Stephen Vincent Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, the Catholic Church in America has lost a wise administrator, a master mind and a patriarchal father to his flock. Bishop Ryan was a true bishop and never a tyrant, and in his long reign as ordinary of Buffalo he maintained the united respect of clergy and people. As a controversial writer and scholar he stood in the front rank in this country. He was ever unostentatious and retiring and preferred the cloister to the rostrum.

The foregoing tributes coming exclusively from Protestant and secular sources, carry with them their own commentary. They are full of beautiful meaning; and have a special force that no professedly Catholic pen could impart.

ST ELIZABETH'S ACADEMY. ALLEGANY, N. Y.

In charge of the Sisters of St. Francis.

Action of the Protestant Clergy.

THE remarkable action taken by the Protestant clergy of Buffalo, in meeting assembled with their people in Music Hall, has a wealth of tender meaning. The broad Christian spirit and kindly charity that inspired the passing of the appended resolutions deserve the widespread admiration they have received; and are honorable alike to the living and the dead:

BUFFALO, April 12, 1896.

WHEREAS—God in His all-wise providence has removed from us the venerable and venerated head of the Roman Catholic Church of this diocese, the Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, D.D ; and

WHEREAS—At this hour his mortal remains are being tenderly borne from his episcopal residence to lie in state until the time of his burial; therefore

Resolved—That we, a body of Christians, representing forty Protestant congregations, assembled in Music Hall for special evangelistic services, express our esteem for the personal character and public services of Bishop Ryan and our sense of the loss to education, temperance, morality and religion sustained by this community and by this diocese and our hope that the good work committed to him may be continued by a worthy successor. The workman may die, but the work is immortal. We hereby extend to his associates, the great body of communicants and to the members of the religious orders interested, our Christian sympathy.

B. FAY MILLS,
FRANK S. FITCH,
ANDREW PURDY,
HENRY D. SHELDON,
JOHN T. FRANKLIN,
S. L. DARCIE,
Committee.

MISS NARDINS' ACADEMY, BUFFALO.

In charge of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Tributes from Catholic Prelates and Press.

THE following are selected from the numerous telegrams and letters sent by leading prelates and distinguished personages over the country on the announcement of Bishop Ryan's death. They came variously addressed to Very Rev. James A. Lanigan, Administrator, to Rev. John J. Sheahan, Chancellor, to the editor of the *Union and Times* and to the Buffalo *News* in reply to messages from that paper.

From the Apostolic Delegation.

Washingtoni, die 11 Aprilis, 1896.

Reverende Domine:—Telegraphicus nuntius, quo tristis de morte Illmi. ac Revmi. Ryan, Episcopi Buffalensis, notitia mittebatur ad meas manus pervenit; et cum in praesentiarum Emus. Cardinalis Satolli in civitate S. Ludovici versetur, mei esse duco tibi respondere. Pro certo habeo Eminentissimum Cardinalem ex ejus obitu graviter fuisse affectum. Ipse enim, sicut et ego, magna in aestimatione defunctum Praelatum habuit, ob praeclaras quibus ornabatur mentis cordisque dotes; et praesertim ob ejus prudentiam, pietatem, abnegationis spiritum. ac intensissimam devotionem erga S. Sedem, et hanc Apostolicam Delegationem. Luctui proinde jungimur ac moerôri Cleri et fidelium istius diocesis, qui Episcopum suum filiali affectu prosequentes, eum ut optimum Pastorem et Patrem amissum lugent.

Omnes gratias Tibi a Domino adprecans, sum,

Reverentiae Vestrae,

Devotissimus in Christo Servus,

Donatus Sbaretti,

Ap Del. Auditor.

TRANSLATION.

Washington, April 11, 1896.

Rev. Sir:—I received your telegram containing the sad news of the death of the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Bishop Ryan of Buffalo; and as His Eminence Cardinal Satolli is at present in St. Louis, I deem it my duty to send you a reply. I am sure that the Most Eminent Cardinal was deeply moved by the announcement, for His Eminence as well as myself, held the departed prelate in the highest esteem, for the splendid qualities of mind and heart with which he was adorned; particularly for his prudence, piety, spirit

of self-denial and most ardent attachment to the Holy See and this Apostolic Delegation.

We join, then, in the mourning and grief of his faithful clergy and people, who with filial affection deplore the loss of their Bishop as that of a most devoted pastor and father.

Praying God to send you every blessing, I am,

Your most devoted servant in Christ,

DONATUS SBARETTI,
Auditor Apostolic Delegation.

FROM CARDINAL GIBBONS.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 11.

Bishop Ryan combined in a remarkable degree force of character with gentleness of disposition, the zeal of a churchman with the loyalty of a citizen. In his death Buffalo has lost one of its noblest citizens. I have lost a devoted friend.

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

FROM ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11.

I have tried to arrange matters so as to be able to attend the funeral of my friend for over forty years, your beloved Bishop. I find it impossible to be present on the sad occasion and must content myself with praying in the holy sacrifice on Tuesday for the repose of his soul. It will be the twenty-fourth anniversary of my own consecration and a reminder of how soon I must expect to follow him. I only wish I could look back on such a career of priestly and episcopal labors and virtues as that of my saintly namesake of Buffalo. I never knew a truer man or more worthy ecclesiastic.

Buffalo has certainly been blessed in its prelates and I hope and pray that God may send you a successor worthy of Bishops John Timon and Stephen Vincent Ryan.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

P. J. RYAN.

FROM ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 11.

Bishop Stephen Vincent Ryan was the saint of the Catholic Episcopate of America. I looked to him during my long acquaintance of over thirty years with him as an ideal character most worthy of my admiration and imitation. How lovable and exalted his private virtues, angelic purity of life, mildness and charity, warmest piety; how strong and devoted in his official career.

BUFFALO WIDOWS' AND INFANTS' ASYLUM.

Firmness of resolve, combined with wondrous sweetness of temper, utter forgetfulness of self, untiring zeal, were his conspicuous traits. Rare, too, his store of knowledge and mental acumen. Buffalo has had two great and good bishops, Timon and Ryan. Peace take the soul of well-beloved friend, Stephen V. Ryan.

JOHN IRELAND.

FROM ARCHBISHOP ELDER.

CINCINNATI, O., April 10

Much pained to learn of Bishop Ryan's death. Would be glad to testify my esteem by attending his funeral, but my engagements for confirmation hinder. The active zeal and apostolic labors were concealed from many by his humility and his love of the hidden life.

WILLIAM HENRY ELDER.

FROM ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 10.

Bishop Ryan was a life-long friend for whom I had great admiration and affection.

P. A. FEEHAN.

FROM VARIOUS BISHOPS AND PRIESTS.

COLUMBUS, O., April 10.

In the death of Bishop Ryan, the diocese of Buffalo has lost a zealous bishop, the Church in the United States one of its most worthy prelates, and the country a distinguished citizen.

JOHN A. WATTERSON,
Bishop of Columbus.

RICHMOND, Va., April 10.

I am deeply grieved to learn of Bishop Ryan's death. I heartily sympathize with the clergy and people of Buffalo. He was a true disciple of his Master.

A. VAN DE VYVER,
Bishop of Richmond.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 10.

I regarded Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, an unobtrusive saint, filled with the charity of the humble Redeemer.

THOMAS M'GOVERN,
Bishop of Harrisburg.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., April 11.

During an acquaintance of twenty-eight years I learned to value every day more and more the eminent qualities of Bishop Ryan. His prudence and discretion were equaled only by his unremit-

ting labors for the constantly growing missions and institutions of his diocese. Although apprehended for some time, his death is yet a shock to his friends and admirers, and a loss to the whole community.

HENRY GABRIELS,
Bishop of Ogdensburg.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 11.

I deeply sympathize with the clergy and people of Buffalo in the death of their holy Bishop, beloved father and friend. From a personal acquaintance of forty years I always esteemed Bishop Ryan for his amiable character, the warmth and sincerity of his friendship, his eloquence and his erudition. In his dealings with men Bishop Ryan was always *suavis in modo* and *fortis in re*.

T. M. A. BURKE,
Bishop of Albany.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 11.

Bishop Ryan was humble, devoted, zealous and learned. I regarded him as a true Christian bishop, modeled on the standard proposed by St. Paul.

RICHARD PHELAN,
Bishop of Pittsburg.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., April 11.

A good, conscientious, holy, learned and hard-working prelate.

W. M. WIGGER.
Bishop of Newark.

WILSON, Kan., April 11.

Buffalo has lost a leader of the Paulian pattern, sound head and big heart.

JOHN J. HENNESSY,
Bishop of Wichita.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 12.

I deeply regret the loss of an illustrious prelate and sincere friend.

JOHN J. HOGAN,
Bishop of Kansas City.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 12.

I mourn the death of Bishop Ryan, the saintly prelate of Buffalo. He was my very dear friend, and received his bulls at my house whilst giving a mission at my church.

WILLIAM WALSH,
Rector St. Bridget's Church.

FROM FATHERS LAMBERT AND MALONE.

SCOTTSVILLE, N. Y., April 11.

Bishop Ryan in his life and character realized the ideal Christian

bishop, the zealous pastor, the firm and prudent ruler, the wise and fatherly counselor, the kind and gentle friend. He was all these and in common with all who knew him, I loved and admired him.

L. A. LAMBERT,
Editor New York *Freeman's Journal.*

DENVER, Col., April 11.

The Church has lost a great and noble bishop.

T. H. MALONE,
Editor *Colorado Catholic.*

LE COUTEULX ST. MARY'S DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTE, BUFFALO.
In charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Tributes from the Catholic Press.

THE eulogies called forth from the Catholic press of this country and of Canada, on the occasion of Bishop Ryan's death, are so numerous that there has been some hesitancy as to the propriety of including them here. But as this is a Memorial which possibly may not be without value for future reference, it is deemed well to reproduce at least some of them.

"A Notable Void in the Ranks of the American Hierarchy."

From the Catholic Columbian Columbus, Ohio.

A notable void is made in the ranks of the American hierarchy by the death of Right Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, C. M., D. D., for the past twenty-eight years the Bishop of the Buffalo diocese. . . .

Before his elevation to the purple, Bishop Ryan held many important trusts in the congregation of which he was a member, and he visited Rome and other European cities in its behalf on more than one occasion. . . .

Bishop Ryan brought to his new field of labor all the zeal, intelligence and industry that had characterized his priestly work. Notwithstanding the division of the diocese, he managed in a comparatively short time to give it double the number of priests and churches it had in Bishop Timon's time, and he added very largely to the number of its schools, religious institutions and communities. He built the fine episcopal residence in which he passed away last week, added a commodious chapel to the cathedral, had that edifice thoroughly renovated and ornamented. erected St. Stephen's Hall for the Young Men's Catholic Association, and, last, though not least, founded and favored with his especial patronage the *Catholic Union*, now the *Union and Times*, the journal that so well represents the Catholic interests of the diocese. In addition to his work in his episcopal city, his influence made itself felt in all parts of its jurisdiction, with the result that new parishes came into existence, new churches and schools were erected, and an impetus given to Catholic progress which long since placed Buffalo among the foremost of the American dioceses in point of equipment. Always a friend of Catholic education, Bishop Ryan's zeal in that line caused him, early in his term, to found many of the academies and numerous Catholic schools that now grace the diocese. . . .

Bishop Ryan leaves behind him, largely the fruit of his zeal and labors, 215 priests, 160 churches, not counting chapels and stations, which number 20 more; and the Catholic population of the diocese is represented by 160,000 souls, a remarkable showing when one takes into consideration that sixty years have scarcely elapsed since Father Nicholas Mertz built Buffalo's first Catholic church, at a time when the city's Catholic population was less than 1,000.

Bishop Ryan celebrated his silver episcopal jubilee in November, 1893, and that celebration eloquently testified in what affection and esteem he was held by his colleagues in the hierarchy, his priests and his people.

"WORTHY THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN HIERARCHY."

From the Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . The deceased prelate was worthy the best traditions of the American hierarchy—learned, pious, zealous and prudent—and reflected honor and credit on the episcopal see of Buffalo, whose duties he exercised for well-nigh twenty-seven and a half years. Like his predecessor, the first Bishop of Buffalo, Right Rev. John Timon, he was a member of the association of priests known as the Congregation of the Mission, which was introduced into this country from France and Italy by Bishop Dubourg about 1817, and first became renowned for the missionary labors of its members in the Mississippi Valley, whence the order has spread all over the country, doing good everywhere by parish and educational work as well as by spiritual retreats. The Congregation has been connected with the diocese of Philadelphia since 1841, when some of its members came here to take charge of our Ecclesiastical Seminary, in which they taught for twelve years. And before the close of that period, in 1849, they founded the Church and parish of St. Vincent de Paul, Germantown.

But for even stronger reasons should the late prelate be fondly remembered in Philadelphia, for it may be said of him that he was a child of this diocese. Though born abroad, in Almonte, Canada, he was reared in Pottsville, Pa., and from the Philadelphia diocese he joined the Congregation of the Mission. Connected with St. Charles' Seminary as a young ecclesiastic, he returned to this city in later years as superior of St. Vincent's Seminary when, in January, 1868, that institution of the Congregation of the Mission was removed from Missouri to Philadelphia. But he was here only a few months when he was selected to fill the see of Buffalo. That he performed his duties most faithfully and efficiently in his new field, those know best who were most intimately acquainted with him.

He was, besides, a prelate of scholarly attainments and an able

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, BUFFALO.

writer. Both of these traits are well illustrated in his book on Anglican Ordinations, which is a masterly exposition of the subject. And he always gave active encouragement to Catholic literature, especially the periodical press, showing his conviction of its power by founding, nearly a quarter of a century ago, the Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times*, which has ever been edited with marked ability, and which has constantly been a powerful defender of truth and of the rights of Catholics in his diocese. May he rest in peace.

"The Ideal Dignitary."

From the Catholic Universe, Cleveland, O.

Rarely indeed is the death of a man so sincerely and universally mourned by those who had known him in life, as we have seen in the case of Bishop Ryan of Buffalo.

The people of Western New York, without respect to religious denominational lines, have united in feeling and expressing a deep sense of personal loss in the termination of a career, splendid in its spirit and achievements. The great prelate—and in the possession of all the qualities that constitute human superiority, Bishop Ryan was pre-eminently entitled to this often misapplied designation—won not only the esteem but commanded the love of all classes in which intellectual breadth, piety, charity and practical sympathy for the aspirations and tribulations of humanity practically manifested, are appreciated and admired.

Endowed far beyond the common with those higher attributes of mentality, he was most considerate of the shortcomings of men less favored than himself. His friendships were unaffected and enduring. Merit received from him instant and unstinted acknowledgment, the absence of it found in him the gentlest of critics. It is needless to allude to his talent as an administrator; the flourishing condition of the Church in the important diocese committed to his keeping and the directing harmony that has always distinguished religious and social progress among his vast flock, speak more eloquently than words, of the genius and success of his grand mission.

But aside from his learning and zeal and great works for the promotion of faith, he will be chiefly remembered by those who came in contact with him, for that charm of personality and lovableness of disposition that bound men to him with hooks of steel. He was not only illustrious as a churchman, a gifted scholar and public-spirited citizen profoundly concerned with all things that touch the moral and material uplifting of the nation and race, but every aspect of his character and activity was illumined and glorified by the glow of innate and habitual courtesy that marked him as one of God's noblemen, the ideal dignitary,

the Christian gentleman. In his death our neighboring diocese is indeed bereft, and the Church and the State deprived of his presence and services sustain a real loss. May he rest in peace.

"A Feeling Near to Adoration."

From the Catholic News, New York.

No words can convey an idea of the depth of love which the Catholic priests and people of Buffalo felt for their late prelate. The feeling came so near to adoration that it is difficult to draw the line separating it from that of worship. Worship him they did, using the word in its liberal sense.

That their affection and reverence were shared in a large measure by the non-Catholic portion of the community, needs no further proof than was given by the presence at the funeral of forty ministers of various denominations. The press of the city was unanimous in its tribute of praise to the noble character of the deceased. And when we read these eulogies and seek to discover the secret of Bishop Ryan's hold upon the affections of all classes and conditions of men, we find that this magnetism lay in his unaffected and inherent gentleness, a quality which was far from being weakness. He was placed in a position of influence and power, and he had that rare gift of wisdom which enabled him to exercise that power unselfishly and for the sole good of his spiritual subjects. He fulfilled the injunction to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." He had intellectual ability of a high order, which commanded the respect of his non-Catholic fellow-citizens, but his qualities of soul were those which will long keep his memory fragrant.

Those who have seen the Bishop in the exercise of his various functions will never forget the impressive picture he made. In his own imposing Cathedral or in some lovely little country church, "his looks adorned the venerable place," and all hearts went out to him and many a "God bless him" rose spontaneously from pious souls. "Man dies, but his memory lives." How perennially fragrant will be the memory of so good a man, and how much honor this noble life has reflected on the Church and race which claim him as their own!

"Bishop Ryan was Equal to the Heavy Task."

From the Pilot, Boston, Mass.

The death of the Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, D. D., second Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y., on April 10th, removes from the American episcopate a most gentle and amiable personality, and be-

ST. ANN'S CHURCH, BUFFALO.

ST. ANN'S SCHOOL, BUFFALO.

reaves the priests and people of a great diocese of one who has been to them for nearly three decades a tender, spiritual father.

The growth of Buffalo within the past twenty-five years has been almost phenomenal; and the Catholics of that city have at very least held their own in the general advance.

The Catholic population originally fairly well divided between those of German and Irish origin, with a sprinkling of French, has now a large percentage of Poles and Italians. The Poles began to settle in Buffalo in immense numbers in the late '70's; and have now five enormous parishes, where confirmation classes of over a thousand are no novelty.

It is not hard to imagine the material increase in the labors of the Bishop in providing for this sudden and great increase of his spiritual children, churches, schools and religious teachers; while the Italians also were becoming numerous, and natural increase and immigration were swelling the ranks of the dominant elements which the Bishop found at his accession to the diocese. Yet the always infirm Bishop was equal to the heavy task.

He enlarged and strengthened all that he found, and added wonderfully to it; leaving the diocese with a population of 160,000, cared for by 215 priests, and worshipping in 160 churches, having over a hundred educational institutions from college to kindergarten, with a total of 25,443 young people under Catholic care.

Bishop Ryan, amid the heavy work of his great charge, found time to write an admirable work on "Apostolical Succession," which went through several editions soon after publication, and in which there has been a great revival of interest with the recent renewal of the discussion on Anglican orders.

For several years past Bishop Ryan's health has been exceedingly delicate, and his activities somewhat lessened in consequence.

When his death-sickness came upon him, there was sorrow throughout the city, and in some of the Protestant churches, as well as in the Catholic churches, prayers were offered for his recovery.

"Many Monuments of His Zeal."

From the Republic, Boston, Mass.

Among the many monuments to his zeal which the Bishop has left is the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

This vast Catholic organization owes its origin and advancement to Bishop Ryan, also its sister organization, the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, the largest women's insurance society in the world.

Perhaps one of the lasting and most brilliant monuments is the *Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo. It is one of the leading

Catholic periodicals of this country, and has no peer in its editorial department, which is taken care of by the poet-priest, Father Cronin.

The diocesan institutions of learning under the immediate control of Bishop Ryan were many, some of the most notable being St. Bonaventure's Seminary and College, Allegany, N. Y., and Niagara University, St. Joseph's College, Canisius College, the Juniorate of the Holy Angels' Academy, Miss Nardin's Academies, Mount St. Joseph Academy, the Sacred Heart and St. Clare's Select Schools, beside all parochial schools. Among the institutions is the Le Couteulx St. Mary's Deaf Mute Asylum, which stands at the head of its class in the United States.

The Catholic Protectory at West Seneca received the hearty approval of the Bishop in its noble effort to make good men of the boys who are sent there for protection. Hundreds of educational and charitable institutions were encouraged by the beloved prelate, and if the prayers of a grateful people will have aught to do with his position in the next world, he will certainly be as near to the throne of the Almighty as it is possible for a soul to be who has faithfully carried on the work of his Father here on earth.

"More Than an Ordinary Man."

From the Pittsburg Catholic, Pittsburg, Pa.

The diocese of Buffalo mourns the loss of its sainted and venerable Bishop, entered into the house of his rest, and enjoying, we hope, the full bliss of a happy immortality. The deceased Bishop was more than an ordinary man. As a religious he was remarked by his brethren for the purity of his daily walk among them, his simple piety, his fervid devotion to rule and his loving charity as a superior.

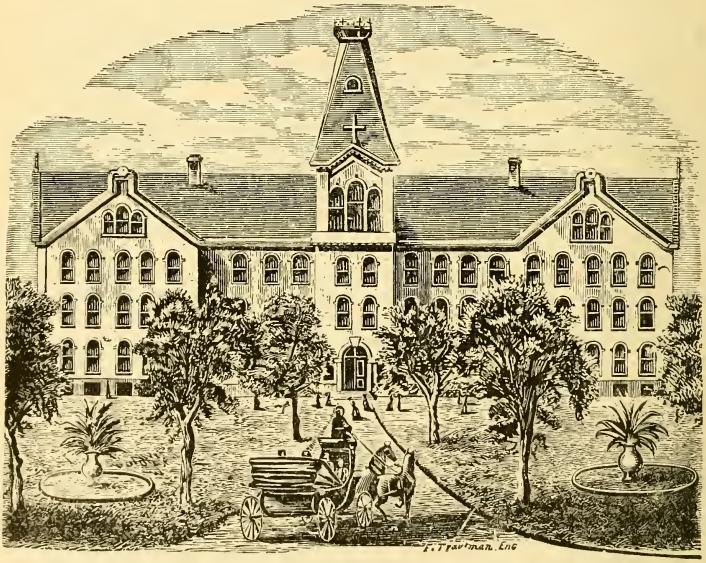
Called to the episcopacy, he brought with him the severe and rigid training of the regular priest, which he infused in his practical work in the diocese, so that it spread and bloomed into a garden rich with sweetest flowers.

Under his benign sway the Church increased and multiplied. Churches arose and priests of worthy lives ministered at the holy altars. Convents, schools, orphan asylums, reformatories, hospitals were established and flourished. Stately institutions of learning were founded and prospered.

In the holy cause of temperance Bishop Ryan was a strong advocate by precept and example. In the spread of religious truth, the dissemination of a sound and wholesome religious literature, he was unwearied.

His diocesan paper, the *Catholic Union and Times,* felt his ever strong and fruitful support. He recognized the power and utility of the Catholic press, and he utilized it with every means in his

ST. FRANCIS HOME FOR THE AGED, BUFFALO.



GERMAN ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM, BUFFALO.

Both Institutions in charge of the Sisters of St. Francis.

power. In the fulness of years, blessing and blessed, he has gone from among his people, leaving behind him the precious memory of the life of the holy priest of God, the worthy bishop, the devoted father, the untiring shepherd of his flock.

"A Loss to the Whole Church in America."

From the Colorado Catholic, Denver, Col.

Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, D. D., Bishop of Buffalo, died in his episcopal city on April 10. His death is a severe blow to the diocese over which he has presided with marked ability, prudence and charity for a quarter of a century. His death is, indeed, a loss to the whole Church in America. He will be mourned as few have been in this country. Bishop Ryan was, indeed, the ideal bishop. He was a holy man and a good man. He was learned and intellectual and the impress which he made upon American Catholic life will live fresh in the memory of American Catholics long after his mortal remains have crumbled into dust. God does not often give such characters to earth. In his administration of the high and holy office to which he had been called, he was all the time the father. Gentle and loving to his priests he ever tempered justice with mercy, and God knows how many a poor soul he saved from misery and wretchedness if not from eternal ruin.

No wonder Stephen Vincent Ryan is mourned by his priests. They knew him but to love him, for in his case surely love begot love. Bishop Ryan was in every sense of the word a great man. In all his career his object was to subordinate everything to the idea which was dominant in his soul, and that was the glory of God, the welfare of the Church and the salvation of souls. He was above all the little meannesses, piques and contentions with which one in his position is naturally surrounded. What more can be said of him? That he was a saint of God, and to the saints and angels he has gone. May he rest in peace.

"The Francis Assisi of the Hierarchy."

From the Catholic Sun, Syracuse, N. Y.

The diocese of Buffalo does not sit solitary in her grief, for Bishop Ryan was more than a territorial bishop. He was one of the rich possessions of the Church in America. He was the Francis Assisi of the hierarchy. He possessed urbanity of manner with strength and elevation of mind. He did great things, but never did them in order to produce splendor and dazzle. He was really pious, and real piety embraces all that can be said of any man.

Bishop Ryan was much of a recluse in the sense of piety,

but his piety was of that kind which never alienates a representative ecclesiastic and patriotic citizen from anything that tended toward the betterment of public morality.

Bishop Ryan ruled one of the most cosmopolitan dioceses in America. And how well he did rule it is too well known to need comment.

He was one of these men, who, like a few more we know, regarded any trouble among rulers of the Church in this country as a bitter mortification.

The Catholic Mutual Benefit Association owes much to him. He was its guardian angel in its hour of trial.

Bishop Ryan was a man of admirable literary attainments, a man remarkable for a persistence of determined will, which, however, was supported by a gentle nature and a sound judgment. May his successor emulate him.

"Protestant Ministers at Bishop Ryan's Funeral."

From the Catholic Columbian, Columbus, O.

A notable circumstance attendant on the recent death and obsequies of the late Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, was the sincere sympathy shown by the Protestants of that city with their Catholic townsmen in the bereavement they sustained in the loss of their beloved chief pastor.

Resolutions of condolence with the Catholic community were unanimously adopted at a Protestant revival meeting and forwarded to Vicar-General Lanigan, who, in acknowledging their receipt, sent an invitation to the Protestant ministers of the city to attend the Bishop's funeral. Seats, he added, would be reserved for them in the Cathedral, and more than two score ministers, representing different denominations, accepted the invitation thus extended.

Death is always a great leveler of distinctions, be their nature what it may, and his summons seldom fails to awaken sympathy with those whom it saddens. In these days, when so many malicious efforts are being made to sow religious dissensions among the American people, the presence of these Protestant ministers at a Catholic bishop's obsequies is very gratifying as indicating the true Christian spirit, and equally significant as constituting a rebuke to religious prejudice and fanaticism.

"A Manly Priest, a Godly Bishop."

From the Northwestern Chronicle, St. Paul, Minn.

Stephen Vincent Ryan, who presided over the diocese of Buffalo for twenty-eight years, passed to his reward last Friday. He was buried on Tuesday with signs and expressions of profound

ST. MARY'S CHURCH AND MONASTERY, DUNKIRK, N. Y.

In charge of the Passionist Fathers.

and universal grief. All classes and creeds came to do honor to him whose life was an open book filled with words of charity and truth Those who knew Bishop Ryan best venerate him as a saint. He was incapable of duplicity or servility, narrowness or harshness. Gentle, patient, honest and loyal, he was, moreover, a man full of supernatural life and grace. The something that makes a life of grace so different from a life of nature was stamped plainly on the personality of the Bishop of Buffalo. He was a close student, a keen thinker, a clear writer, a good speaker, a priestly man, a manly priest, and a godly bishop. May God rest his soul.

"Readiness to Serve Wherever He Might Do Good."

From the Le Couteulx Leader, Buffalo.

"Kindness is the word," said the poet, and we learn anew its enduring power in these days of grief and bereavement. The Bishop is dead. Men praise him, and differences of creed, race and condition are forgotten in that harmonious chorus of honest tributes. They speak of his missionary labors, of his learning, of his able administration; but most of all they remember his gentleness, his unfailing kindness, his unwillingness to wound, his readiness to serve wherever he might do good. Mute forevermore on earth is the voice that spoke peace and good-will, and the hand so often raised to bless lies still over his tender heart; but lips and hands plead silently for the remembrance of his people's prayers, for their helpful thoughts before God's altar. He still is theirs, who spent himself for them, in the great communion of saints.

"Never was a Bishop More Beloved."

From the Freeman's Journal, New York.

Though the death of Bishop Ryan was not unexpected, owing to the frail condition of his health for some time back, it brought a pang to the heart of every Catholic in the large diocese over which he had ruled for more than a quarter of a century. Never was a bishop more beloved by his people. His quiet, even, kindly nature and his never-failing charity won all hearts. The influence of his life and works is the most precious inheritance he has left to his priests and people.

"Few Bishops were Ever so Sincerely Mourned."

From the Western Watchman, St. Louis, Mo.

The Catholics of this city were very much grieved on Friday last to learn of the death of Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, who was so

well and favorably known to them. His death was not unexpected to his intimate friends and confreres; but the death of such men is always unexpected, more or less, because the world is unable to reconcile itself to the thought of their going. Bishop Ryan was a child of this diocese and was intimately connected with it until he was called to preside over the see of Buffalo. He was always regarded as one of the wisest of our bishops, and the part he has borne in the history of the Church in this century should be written in letters of gold. . . . Few bishops were ever so sincerely mourned.

"A Signal Testimony of Esteem."

From the Liverpool, Eng., Catholic Times.

The funeral of Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, which took place on Tuesday, April 14th, was a signal testimony to the esteem entertained for him. Rich and poor, high and low, of every creed were represented in the immense cortege that assembled to pay honor to the deceased prelate. Archbishop Ireland preached the panegyric, paying an eloquent tribute to Bishop Ryan. There have, said he, been saints in all lands, else Christ's teachings would have been a failure. A saint reflects more or less the divine holiness. From time to time, for better edification and spiritual development, some have risen amongst us. One of these saints was the Bishop of Buffalo, Stephen Vincent Ryan.

"Two Countries Claim Him Dead."

From the United Canada, Ottawa, Ont.

The late Bishop Ryan of Buffalo was born near Almonte, Ont., Lanark County. His Lordship visited Almonte about twelve years ago and went out to the farm in the country where he was born. From the premises he took some mementos which will be found among his meagre earthly possessions. He agreed with Cardinal Manning that priests and prelates should die without money and without debts. While on his visit to Almonte the people of St. Mary's parish presented him with an address of welcome. Like Homer, at least two countries claim him dead, and the fatherland—Ireland—is proud of its descendant.

"A Beautiful Incident."

From the Colorado Catholic, Denver, Col.

All true Americans are under deep obligations to the broad-minded Protestant clergymen of the city of Buffalo. When Bishop Ryan's death was announced they assembled in conven-

tion and drew up resolutions of condolence on the demise of the eminent divine. They also attended his obsequies in a body, and during the funeral the bells on their churches tolled out their sorrowful notes. We offer the beautiful incident to the consideration of the members of the latest anti-Catholic organization.

"A Saintly Life."

From the L. C. B. A. Journal, Salamanca, N. Y.

It is with profound grief that we chronicle the sorrowful tidings of the death of our dearly beloved and venerated Supreme Spiritual Director, Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan. His saintly life is too well known for us to venture a portrayal; abler pens will write of his virtues, which shall stand as shining examples to future generations.

"A Deservedly Beloved Prelate."

From the Catholic Record, London, Ont.

The Church in America has lost one of its brightest ornaments. Bishop Ryan, it is but the simple truth to state, was one of the most deservedly beloved prelates in America, not alone by his own spiritual children, but by American people of all classes and creeds.

"A Loss to the Church in America."

From the Church News, Washington, D. C.

The death of the Right Reverend Bishop of Buffalo is a loss not only to the diocese over which he so successfully ruled, but to the Church in America. Bishop Ryan did a great work, and was loved and respected far and wide.

Surely the man whose memory could inspire such eloquent tributes as these in minds of various moulds and environments, must have been one who deeply impressed his day and generation with the beauty and blessedness of his life. The fragrance of his virtues has sweetened the airs that blow afar. And though the sun of that life has descended the evening sky and faded from view, its mellow rays, reflected in the hovering clouds, illume with glory the place where he sleeps.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, BUFFALO.

In charge o. the Franciscan Fathers.

Poetic Tributes to Bishop Ryan's Memory.

"Humanity In Him Was Glorified."

HERE bring fair lilies, jeweled cups so sweet,
Resplendent with the dawning's crystal rain.
O hallowed mystery of life and pain!
No more the thorn-branch for his weary feet.
Bring wealth of roses; all the fragrance given
In languorous incense from their hearts of fire,
Shall thrill with memory of his pure desire,
And mingle with this atmosphere of heaven.
Each phase of nature, beautiful and fine,
The soul of charity, the noble mind,
And gentleness infinite here are shrined—
With sweet humility of One divine.
O turbulent spirits, sorrowing, fever-tost—
Christ and His angels know what ye have lost!

As some frail stem bursts into perfect flower,
Humanity in him was glorified;
Love inexhaustible, and wisdom wide—
Patience, most marvelous. With seraph power
His tender voice fell over care and din.
Above the halo of his silvery hair,
You saw the cherubs in the lambent air;
Sin fled your hearts—the Saviour entered in.
Strength failed—and feeble grew his span,
O hero spirit, beauteous, fragile clay;
He clasped his cross though fainting by the way,
E'en as his Master, gave his life for man.
Will he not, bending from celestial spheres,
Still guide and pity, pray we—through our tears!

AGNES SHALLOE.

Buffalo, April 12, 1890.

"Memento Domine David et Omnis Mansuetudinis Ejus."

HE sleeps—the watchful shepherd, gentle guide:
The faithful steward in his Master's hands
Hath laid the harvest yield; the ruler stands,
His station's high insignia put aside,
Before his King. Like swiftly rising tide
A sound of praise and prayer flows to those strands
Where welcoming angels wait; where seraph bands
Sing *Ecce Sacerdos*,—and his coming bide.
Softening with memories, and sharpening still our dole,
We mind us of his sweetness, and again
Hail 'mong the shining seven that kept his soul,
Its grace which deepest touched the hearts of men.
His meekness wrought on earth for Thee; and Thou
Canst not forget, O Lord! its pleadings now.

BUFFALO, April 12, 1896. ELIZABETH CRONYN.

In Memoriam.

GENTLE spirit, hast thou left us
Mourners in this vale of gloom?
Why hath Heaven thus bereft us?
Must our life-hopes deck thy tomb?

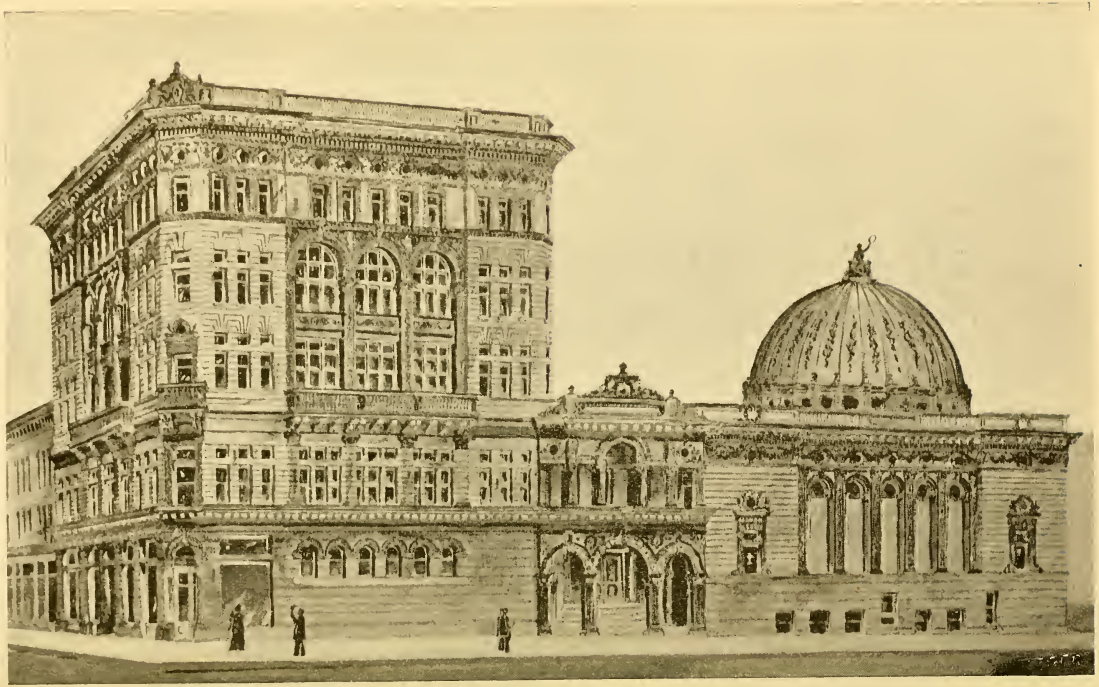
Vain our cry was: "Christ, O spare him,
Each of us shall victim be,
E'en with Heaven we will share him,"
Angels answered: "Claim him we."

Christlike was thy spirit ever;
Gentle, trustful, fearless, true.
Duty, thou dids't fear it never;
Last to order, first to do.

Self had died on thy heart's altar;
First thy brother's good had claim.
Ne'er could blinded foes' darts alter
The high purpose of thy aim.

Hover, sainted spirit, o'er us
On this day of grief and gloom.
Thou hast trod Christ's way before us,
Hope must come e'en from thy tomb.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., April 11, 1896. (REV.) DOMINIC BRENNAN, C. P.



BUFFALO CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

Bishop Ryan's Will.

THE last will and testament, executed by Bishop Ryan, January 23d, 1894, will be the natural close of this Memorial; and, indeed, a suitable ending of such a life it proves to be. It is clear, simple, brief, leaving no possible room for litigation. In this respect it is a model of its kind; and it may serve, moreover, to correct certain erroneous notions entertained not only by non-Catholics, but by many Catholics as well, regarding "all the Bishop's property" and what disposition he made of it. The document is as follows:

In the name of God, amen.

I, Stephen Vincent Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, in the state of New York, do make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament, that is to say:

First—I direct my executors hereinafter named to pay my just debts and funeral expenses as soon as possible after my decease.

Second—I devise and bequeath all my estate, both real and personal, of whatever kind, name, and nature, and wherever situate, whether in possession, reversion, remainder, or otherwise, of which I am now seized and possessed, or to which I may be in anywise entitled or which I may hereinafter acquire, unto Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, Archbishop of the City of New York; Rt. Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, Bishop of the city of Brooklyn, New York state, and Rt. Rev. Patrick A. Ludden, Bishop of the city of Syracuse, New York state, to have and to hold the same, and every part thereof, with the appurtenances, to them, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns as joint tenants, and not as tenants in common.

Third—I hereby nominate and appoint Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, Archbishop of the city of New York; Rt. Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, Bishop of the city of Brooklyn, New York state, and Rt. Rev. Patrick A. Ludden, Bishop of the city of Syracuse, New York state, the executors of this, my will.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 23d day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

(L. S.) Stephen Vincent Ryan.

Subscribed by the said testator in our presence, and declared by him at the time of making such subscription to be his last will and testament, whereupon we, at his request, in his presence,

SACRED HEART CHURCH, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

SS. PETER AND PAUL CHURCH, Jamestown, N. Y.

and in the presence of each other, subscribed our names as witnesses attesting the execution thereof. This attestation clause having been read by the said testator in an audible voice in our presence immediately before our subscription hereto.

WM. GLEASON, Buffalo, N. Y.
PATRICK J. CANNON, Lockport, N. Y.
JOHN J. SHEAHAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

I have executed this will in duplicate.

STEPHEN V. RYAN.

The inference from the foregoing is that Bishop Ryan owned quite a large estate. Legally the inference is correct. The Bishop held much of the diocesan property in his own name. But in reality he was merely the guardian of this property, and considered himself as not owning a dollar of it in the sense of absolute personal possession.

Like his prédecessor, Bishop Timon, Bishop Ryan came poor to the diocese; and, though the custodian of large trusts, he died poor—personally not claiming a penny. He stewarded the possessions of the Church as a sacred heritage and bequeathed them to his successor undiminished by a single penny left to relatives or others.

In this—as in other respects—he showed himself a devoted son of St. Vincent de Paul who, as almoner of France, had fortunes at his disposal, yet lived and died poor—leaving an inheritance of poverty to his spiritual children.

The Month's Mind for Bishop Ryan was held in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Wednesday, May 13th, in presence of a large and sorrowing assemblage of priests and people.

The solemn mass of requiem was sung by Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden of Syracuse; Very Rev. James A. Lanigan, Administrator, assistant priest; Rev. C. O'Byrne, deacon; Rev. Ferdinand Kolb, subdeacon; Rev. James F. McGloin, master of ceremonies; Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, assistant master of ceremonies.

The last absolution was pronounced by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke of Albany and the memorial sermon delivered by the Rev. Patrick Cronin.

THE END.